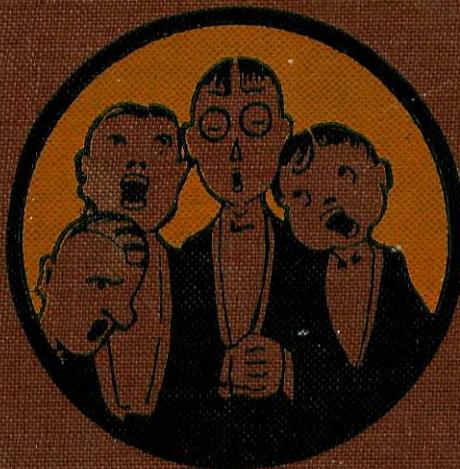


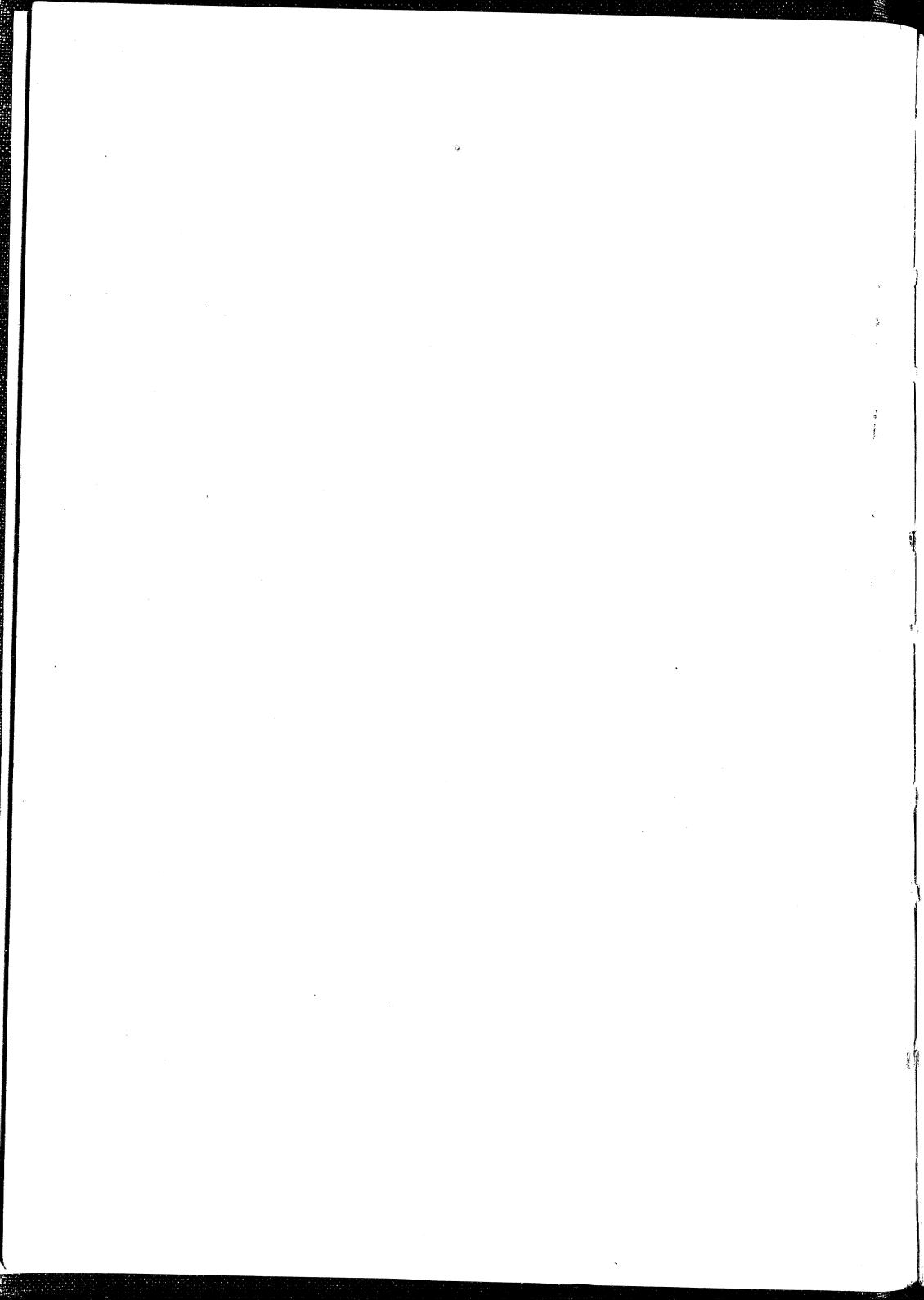
PARODOLOGY



SONGS FOR FUN
AND FELLOWSHIP

By the Author of
PHUNOLOGY

PARODOLOGY



PARODOLOGY

*Songs for Fun and
Fellowship*

A COLLECTION OF STUNT AND PEP SONGS
FOR CAMPS, PARTIES, WORSHIP
AND PEP OCCASIONS

By E. O. HARBIN
Author of "Phunology"



COKESBURY PRESS
NASHVILLE, TENN.
1927

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Printed in United States of America

PREFACE

“PARODOLOGY” is an attempt to furnish a collection of songs suitable for clubs, camps, and young people’s societies. It has been prepared with the idea of providing material for all sorts of social occasions.

The value of group singing was demonstrated during the war when great groups were gotten together in city, town, and hamlet to sing the popular songs of the day, the old folk songs, and patriotic songs. It built up the morale of the people, stimulating good cheer and courage. It built in us the spirit of unity. In the camps the soldiers were likewise cheered and helped by “sings” in the “Y” huts.

For banquet occasions, for socials, for hikes, camps, and picnics nothing makes it so easy to develop the right sort of atmosphere for a social occasion as singing. The leader who can get the group to sing some beautiful song or some funny ditty has little trouble getting the response he wants to the rest of his program; and if he tactfully selects a few songs to close the evening of fun, he will find that singing serves as a sort of clincher to an evening of play.

These pointers ought to be remembered in leading group singing:

1. *The Leader*.—The leader must possess an abundance of enthusiasm. He must have a sense of rhythm. He must not criticize his group for the way they sing. Let him offer suggestions without any whining. If he has a good sense of humor, he can often call their attention to mistakes in such a way as to make it part of the fun of the evening. Care has to be exercised here, however, lest the leader lay himself open to the charge of being “smart-alecky.” He should encourage the group occasionally by complimenting their singing.

2. *The Pianist*.—Oftentimes no pianist is needed. The group may sing without accompaniment, or a ukulele may furnish all the accompaniment needed. But if you do have a pianist, it ought to be one who plays easily and in correct time. Fortunate is the leader who has an accompanist who can play anything he hears once, without the music. If the pianist is uncertain, it is best for the leader to ask for the chord, and then to set the pace for the singing himself. A pianist who drags can ruin a social sing.

3. *Song Sheets*.—For banquets and social sings prepare mimeographed song sheets. Collect these after they have served their purpose for the evening and keep them for future use. Print on the song sheet the songs you will likely use often; such as, “Alouette,” “Old Folks at Home,” “Ain’t Gonna Study War No More,” etc.

4. *Practical Pointers*:

In singing rounds be sure that most of the singers know the song before dividing them into four groups. Be specific in your directions as to where each group is to come in, and how many times they are to sing the round. Usually a round is sung three or four times.

Make out a list of the songs you are expecting to use. Add a few extras for emergency use.

Include in your list several harmony numbers, such as “Sweet Adeline,” “Ain’t Gonna Study War,” “Old Black Joe,” etc.

Some harmony songs can be used effectively in humming. This is true of “Old Black Joe” and “Farewell to Thee,” for instance. Have the instruments remain silent when the group hums.

Motion songs, like "Down by the Old Mill Stream," are effective in getting a crowd loosened up.

Contra singing can be done with many songs, one half of the crowd singing one song while the other half sings another. Good contra songs are the following: "Spanish Cavalier" and "Solomon Levi," "Humoresque" and "Swanee River," "Long, Long Trail" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning" ("Long, Long Trail" starts first, that group singing "There's a" before the "Home Fires" group starts), "Tipperary" and "Pack Up Your Troubles."

Songs like "Good Night, Ladies," "Taps," and "Good Night" are effective for closing a social evening.

SING! SING! SING!

E. O. H.

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PARODOLOGY

STUNT SONGS

1. I WISH I WUZ

(The Hobo Anthem)

Tune: "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms." Key: E Flat

I wish't I wuz a little rock
A-settin' on a hill,
An' doin' nothin' all day long
But jus' a-settin' still.
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep,
I wouldn't even wash!
But jes' set still a million years,
An' res' myself, by gosh!

2. THE OLD FAMILY TOOTHBRUSH

Tune: "The Old Oaken Bucket."

The old family toothbrush,
The old family toothbrush,
The old family toothbrush
That hung by the sink.
First it was father's,
Then it was mother's,
Now it is sister's,
And soon 'twill be mine.
Father misused it,
Mother abused it,
Sister refused it,
And now—it is mine!

[Repeat first four lines.]

3. REJOICE! REJOICE!

Tune: "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here."

Key: G. (Boston Version)

Rejoice! rejoice! The multitude's assembled,
Why should we concern ourselves,
Why should we concern ourselves?
Rejoice! rejoice! The multitude's assembled,
Why should we concern ourselves at present?

4. PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR COMPACT

Tune: "Pack Up Your Troubles."

Key: G.

Pack up your troubles in your little compact,
And smile, smile, smile.
While you've some powder, girls, to powder your nose,
Smile, girls, that's the style.
What's the use of letting it shine?
It never was worth while; so
Pack up your troubles in your little compact,
And smile, smile, smile.

5. A MAIDEN'S ROMANCE

Tune: "Clementine." Key: G.

For a long time to come, I'll remember quite well,
Alone in a poorhouse a maiden did dwell.
She dwelt with her mother and father serene,
Her age it was red, and her hair was sixteen.

Not far from this maiden her lover did dwell;
He was knock-kneed in both legs, and humpbacked as well.
He said, "Let us fly by the light of your hair,
For you are the eye of my apple, so fair."

Said she to this young man, "Now you just get wise,
Or the old man will scratch out your nails with his eyes.
If you love me, don't leave me; it will be a disgrace!"
Cried the maid as she buried both mitts in her face.

But when she refused him, he rushed at this maid,
And swiftly he opened the knife of his blade;
And he cut the sweet throat of his maiden so fair,
And he drug her around by the head of her hair.

And just at this moment the old man arrives,
And he gazed at his trouble with tears full of eyes;
He knelt by the side of his daughter and kiss't,
Then he rushed at the youth with both arms full of fist.

Said he to the young man, "Now, you'd better bolt."
And he drew a horse pistol he'd raised from a colt;
The young man took flight up the chimney, 'tis true;
Said he, "I must fly;" so he flew up the flue.

6. MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb,
Mary had a little lamb; she put it on the shelf.
And every time it wagged its tail, wagged its tail, wagged its tail,
Every time it wagged its tail, it spanked its little self.

Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb,
Mary had a little lamb with green peas on the side.
And when her escort saw the check, saw the check, saw the check,
When her escort saw the check, the poor boob nearly died.

7. THEY STROLLED DOWN THE LANE

Tune: "Mighty Lak a Rose."

They strolled down the lane together,
The sky was studded with stars.
They reached the gate together,
He lifted for her the bars.
She raised her brown eyes to him,
There was nothing between them now,
For he was just a hired man
And she was a Jersey cow.

8. CHINESE HONEYMOON

On a Chinese honeymoo-oo-oo-oon,
In the merry month of Ju-u-u-u-ne,
Together we'll be happy,
Both sweethearts, you and I.
We'll take a toy baloo-oo-oo-oon,
And we'll sail up to the moo-oo-oo-oon,
To a land of tea and roses,
On our Chinese honeymoon.

9. IN THE VINTERTIME

Tune: "Auch du Lieber Augustine."

Through the vinder in the vintertime,
Ven the vind blows through the westibule,
See the vimmen in the waudewille
Riding velocipedes round the vindmill.
Ah-h-h vimmen.

10. OUGHTA BEEN ARRESTED

Two little niggers black as tar
Trying to go to heaven in a 'lectric car;
'Lectric car run off the track
And the po' little niggers want a nickel back.

Chorus

Oughta been arrested, oughta been arrested,
Oughta been arrested, put in jail.

Went down to the creek to get baptized,
My right foot slipped and I got baptized;
The creek was deep and the preacher was weak,
And the preacher went to heaven in the bottom of the creek.

Me and my wife and a bob-tailed dog
All time watching for the sheriff and his
dog;
It got dark and we couldn't see,
And the first thing I knew the sheriff had
me.

If you want to go to heaven and you don't
know what to do,
Just grease your leg with a mutton stew,
Walk right up and give the preacher your
hand,
Then slide right on to the promised land.

The funniest thing I ever saw
Was a big black nigger from Arkansas;
He wore his shirt on over his coat,
And buttoned his breeches up around his
throat.

11. HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

Tune: "Perfect Day."

Let me live in a house by the side of the
road
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who
are bad,
Just as good and as bad as I.
Then I would not sit in the scowler's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the
road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the
road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife;
But I turn not away from their smiles nor
their tears,
Both parts of an Infinite plan—
Let me live in a house by the side of the
road
And be a friend to man.

12. ABIE

Abie, Abie, my boy, vat are you vaiting
for now?
You promised to marry me some time in
June;
It's never too late, and it's never too soon.
All my people say, "Vat day? vitch day?"
I don't know vat to say—
Abie, Abie, my boy, vat are you vaiting
for now?

ABIE'S ANSWER

Tune: "That's Where My Money Goes."
I ain't got no money, no M-O-N-E-Y.
I'm busted, disgusted, financially embar-
rassed,
I ain't got a solitary C-E-N-T.
When I think of the old folks,
O! O! how I sigh!
For I ain't got no money—no M-O-N-E-Y.

13. AH, MACARONI!

Tune: "I've Sighed to Rest Me"
(*Il Trovatore*).

Ah, Macaroni-i-i! Ah, Cheese, Spaghetti!
Ah, Olive Oil! Ah, Cascarets!
Ah, Turpentine! Benzoin! Castor Oil!

NOTE.—Sung as duet, the girl at intervals breaking in
with such substitutions as "Gasoline!" "Tabasco
Sauce!" "Garlic and Chili Beans!" This song may
be made the basis of a stunt, a burlesque of grand
opera, in costume.

14. TWO FLEAS

Tune: "Bohunkus."

Two little fleas on a fence-top sat,
And one to the other said,
"I've had no place to lay my head
Since my old dog is dead.
I've traveled the earth from place to
place,
And farther will I roam;
But the next old dog that shows his face
Will be my home, sweet home."

15. WHEN I WAS A YOUNG GIRL

Dramatic Motion Song

When I was a young girl, young girl,
young girl,
When I was a young girl, then, O then—
Ha-ha, this a-way, ha-ha, that a-way
[Swaying of head],
This a-way, that a-way, then.

Then he came courtin', courtin', courtin',
Then he came courtin', then, O then—
O dear, this a-way, O dear, that a-way
[Hands over heart],
This a-way, that a-way, then.

Then I got married, married, married,
Then I got married, then, O then—
Knock him down this a-way, knock him
down that a-way
[Punching motion with fists],
This a-way, that-away, then.

[Slow] Then he died, died, died,
Then he died, then, O then—
O me, this a-way, O me, that a-way
[Sad shaking of head],
This a-way, that a-way, then.

[Slow] Going to the funeral, funeral, funeral,
Going to the funeral, then, O then—
Boo-hoo, this a-way, boo-hoo, that a-way
[Hands to eyes, crying],
This a-way, that a-way, then.

[Fast] Coming from the funeral, funeral,
funeral,
Coming from the funeral, then, O then—
Ha-ha, this a-way, ha-ha, that a-way
[Swaying of head in gleeful laughter],
This a-way, that a-way, then.

16. IF I HAD A FAITH

If I had a faith like Noah's,
I tell you what I'd do:
I'd put my little rubbers on
And walk right through the dew,
dew,
dew.
dew.

Sing, Leaguers, sing; sing, Leaguers, sing;
Let your voices ring; let them ring, ring,
ring.

If I had a faith like Daniel's,
I tell you what I'd do:
I'd stick my head in the lion's mouth
And tell him to go on and chew, chew,
chew, chew.

If I had a faith like Jonah's,
I tell you what I'd do:
I'd take my little penknife out
And cut that whale in two, two, two, two.

17. O SOLE MIO

But O, the sunshine I highly prize
Is still the sunshine of your dear eyes,
My own, the lovely sunshine
Of your dear eyes, of your dear eyes.

Nobody loves me, my clothes don't fit;
My poor heart's aching, just about to split.
Ache on, poor heart, don't care if you bust.
Thought I couldn't live without you,
But I guess I must.

18. THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Tune: "Home, Sweet, Home," or "Polly
Wolly-Doodle."

I've got a little house that I call my home,
There's no place like home;
I've got a little wife, she's the joy of my
life,
There's no place like home.
I come home at night from a hard day's
work,
Meet six or seven children with their faces
full of dirt,
And they all go to sleep on the bosom of
my shirt,
There's no place like home.

Your relatives come to visit you,
There's no place like home;
They bring their trunks and they stick like
glue,
There's no place like home.

They take all the very best beds you've
got,

While you sleep out on a dirty little cot
With your brother-in-law who's about
half shot,

There's no place like home.

With your wife's cold feet in the middle of
your back,

There's no place like home;

The baby cries in the middle of the night,
There's no place like home.

You step out of bed on an upturned tack,
Then hunt paregoric without any light,
And your wife hollers out, "O, hurry up,
Jack,"

There's no place like home.

Note.—Each verse to be followed by the crowd
singing the refrain, "Home, home, sweet, sweet
home."

19. THE JAY-BIRD SONG OR CHANT

Sing in monotone over and over

Way down yonder not very far off
A jay-bird died with the whooping cough.
He *whooped* so hard with the *whooping*
cough

That he *whooped* his head and his tail right
off.

Note.—On all italicized words give inflection of
voice to falsetto.

20. I FOUND A HORSESHOE

I found a horseshoe! I found a horseshoe!

I picked it up and nailed it o'er the door.

It was rusty and full of nail holes—

Good luck to the finder evermore.

Chorus

Kindling wood! Kindling wood!

I'm selling kindling wood to help along.

Kindling wood! Kindling wood!

I'm selling kindling wood to help along.

I found an old hat! I found an old hat!

I stooped right down and picked it off
the floor.

It was ragged and full of—[Singers scratch
heads and pause before singing the
next word]—holes!

Bad luck to the finder evermore.

21. HAD A LITTLE DOG

Tune: "Reuben, Reuben."

I had a little dog and his name was Fido,
He was nothing but a pup;
He could stand upon his hind legs
If you held his front legs up.

I had a little dog and his name was Difo,
He pas nothing but a wup;
He could stand upon his lind hegs,
If you held his lont fregs up.

22. SAL AND I

Tune: "Reuben, Reuben."

Sal and I went to the circus,
Sal got hit with a rollin' pin;
We got even with that old circus—
We both bought tickets, but we wouldn't
go in.

23. MULES

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne."

On mules we find two legs behind,
And two we find before.
We stand behind before we find
What the two behind be for.
When we're behind the two behind
We find what these be for;
So stand before the two behind,
And behind the two before.

24. A HORRIBLE DEATH

Tune: "Farmer's in the Dell."

It's a horrible death to die,
It's a horrible death to die,
It's a horrible death to be sung to death,
It's a horrible death to die.

25. THE PUP-I-UP-I-UP

Tune: "There Was a Bee."

There was a be-i-ee-i-ee
Sat on a wall-i-all-i-all,
And he could buzz-i-uzz-i-uzz,
And that was all-i-all-i-all.

There was a pup-i-up-i-up
 Sat on that bee-i-ee-i-ee;
 Some one got up-i-up-i-up,
 And that was he-i-ee-i-ee.

26. A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN
 O, a man without a woman is like a ship
 without a sail,
 Or a boat without a rudder,
 Or a fish without a tail;
 O, a man without a woman is like a wreck
 upon the sand,
 And there's only one thing worse on earth—
 That's a woman, I say, a woman,
 A woman without a man.

27. WHEN MARY WAS A BABY

Motion Song

Tune: "Lieber Augustine."

When Mary was a baby, a baby, a baby,
 When Mary was a baby, a baby was she.
 'Twas this way and that way,
 'Twas this way and that way,
 When Mary was a baby, 'twas this way
 and that.

[*Rhymic motion—hands as if rocking baby on "this way and that."*]

When Mary was a girlie, etc.

[*Rhythmic motion—jumping.*]

When Mary was a maiden, etc.
 [Motion—*powdering nose.*]

When Mary was a sweetheart, etc.
 [Motion—*hands over heart, tossing of head.*]

When Mary was a mother, etc.
 [Motion—*clapping of hands and gesture of calling to take a child.*]

When Mary was a grandma, etc.
 [Motion—*rocking back and forth, darning.*]

When Mary was an angel, etc.

[*Motion—waving of arms as if flying, and tripping back and forth rhythmically.*]

28. YON YONSON

My name is Yon Yonson,
 I come from Wisconsin,
 I work in the lumber mills there.
 All the people I meet,
 As I walk down the street,
 They say [Spoken]: "Hey, there, big boy,
 what's your name?"
 And I tells 'em—
 My name, etc.

[*In second verse this is shouted:*]
 "Hey, there, you long, lanky boy,
 What's your name?"
 And I tells 'em—
 My name, etc.

[*In third verse shout louder:*]
 "HEY, THERE, YOU LONG, LANKY
 SWEDE, YOU GUY
 WITH THE FUNNY FACE AND BIG
 FEET,
 WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"
 AND I TELLS 'EM—
 "NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!" (or
 "SHUT UP!")

29. ROMEO AND JULIET

Tune: "Long, Long Ago."

Come, now, and listen to my tale of woe
 Of Romeo and Juliet;
 Cribbed out of Shakespeare and reeking
 with woe,
 O, Romeo and Juliet!
 Ne'er was a story so mournful as that one;
 If you have tears, now prepare to get at
 one.
 Romeo's the slim one and Juliet's the
 stout one;
 O, Romeo and Juliet!

I am the hero of this little tale,
I'm Romeo! I'm Romeo!
I am that highly susceptible male,
I'm Romeo! I'm Romeo!
Ne'er did a lover e'er do as I did,
When his girl into eternity滑了,
I took cold poison, and I suicided;
I'm Romeo! I'm Romeo!

I am the heroine of this tale of woe,
I'm Juliet! I'm Juliet!
I am the lady who mashed Romeo,
I'm Juliet! I'm Juliet!
Locked in the prison, no pickax to force it,
Gloomy old hole, without room to stand
or sit,
I up and stabbed myself right through the
corset;
I'm Juliet! I'm Juliet!

This of our tale is the short and the long,
Of Romeo and Juliet;
This is the moral of our little song,
Of Romeo and Juliet.
Lovers, we warn you, always be wary,
Don't buy your drinks of an apothecary,
Don't stab yourselves in the left pul-
monary,
Like Romeo and Juliet.

NOTE.—This would serve as the basis for a good stunt.

30. WE ARE THE GREAT STICK-UPS

Tune: "Here We Are Again."

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the
great
Stick-ups;
We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the
great
Stick-ups;
And every single one of us is sticking to
the rest of us,
We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the
great
Stick-ups.

31. I AM TIRED OF LIVING ALONE

Tune: "Blest Be the Tie." *Key: F.*

I am tired of living alone,
So I want me a wife of my own;

Some one to caress me,
To kiss and to bless me;
I am tired of living alone.
Ah! Women!

I am tired of living alone,
So I want me a man of my own;
Someone to amuse me,
Who wouldn't abuse me;
I am tired of living alone.
Ah! Men!

32. LISping SONG

*Tune: "Believe Me, If All Those Endear-
ing Young Charms."* *Key: E Flat or
"Auld Lang Syne."*

I with I were a little fith,
I with I were a fith;
I'd thwim and thwim in the deep blue
thea,
I with I were a fith.

I with I were a little thip,
I with I were a thip;
I'd thail and thail on the deep blue thea,
I with I were a thip.

I with I wathn't thuth a thimp,
I with I wathn't a thimp;
I'd thing a thong that had thome thenth,
I with I wathn't a thimp.

33. CURIOSITY

Tune: "Reuben, Reuben." *Key: A Flat.*

One dark night at the close of day
A curious man had lost his way;
He saw a signpost, very faint.
He climbed to the top, and it said, "WET
PAINT."

He bade good-by to his girl named Kitty,
Powder and paint had made her pretty;
She cried and cried and fell in a faint.
He hung up a sign, "Beware, WET
PAINT."

34. SPRING WOULD BE

Tune: "Just Before the Battle, Mother."
Key: B Flat.

Spring would be a dreary season,
If we had naught else but—

Spring would be a dreary season,
If we had naught else but—etc., etc., etc.

NOTE.—This is another of those never-ending songs.

35. JUNE, JULY, AND AUGUSTINE

Tune: "Lieber Augustine." Key: G.

June, July, and Augustine, Augustine,
Augustine;
June, July, and Augustine, Augustine,
June.

36. ALL THE BEST THINGS

Tune: "We Won't Be Home Until Morning."

All the best things come from —,
All the best things come from —,
All the best things come from —,
And we're from — too.

37. THE BIBLE BASEBALL SONG

Tune: "Good Morning, Mr. Zip."

Adam stole first, and Eve stole second,
St. Peter umpired the game;
Rebekah went to the well with the pitcher,
Ruth in the field won fame.
Goliath was struck out by David,
Abel broke his Cain;
And the Prodigal Son made a swell home
run,
And Noah gave out the checks for—
And Noah gave out the checks for—
You know he gave out the checks for
rain.

38. WHOA, MULE! WHOA!

Tune: "Ain't Gonna Rain."

I went up on de mountain
To give my horn a blow;
I looked down on de other side
An dere I saw my beau.

Chorus

WHOA, MULE, WHOA! Whoa, mule,
I say;
Just hop right in, Miss Liza,
An hold on to de sleigh.

I went up to see Miss Liza;
She was standin' in de do,'
Shoes an stockin's in er han'
An' feet all over de flo'.

I ax Miss Liza fer to kiss me.
Now, reckon what she said?
She picked up a hunk of stove wood
And hit me on de head.

I carried Miss Liza to de parson's.
Miss Liza, you keep cool;
I sho would like to kiss you,
But I'se busy wid dis mule.

39. SKEETER SONG

Tune: "Little Bit of Love" (Adaptation).

There's a skeeter
On Juanita,
Knock him off!
O, knock him off!

There's a whopper
On her popper, etc.

There's another
On her brother, etc.

There's a dozen
On her cousin, etc.

There's a million
On dear Lillian, etc.

40. JOHN JACOB GUGGENHEIMER SMITH

John Jacob Guggenheimer Smith,
His name is my name too;
Whenever we go out
The people always shout,

"John Jacob Guggenheimer Smith,"

Da

Da

Da

Da da da da.

[Repeat over and over from beginning.]

41. SOCIALITY

All I want is sociability,

Some one to be sociable to me;

I'm so very sociable myself,

I like sociable society.

I have a social temperament,

Social disposition, social sentiment;

I'm just as sociable as sociable can be,

And I've got to have more sociability.

NOTE.—Continue with such words as Generosity, Dependability, Pepability, etc.

42. PRAIRIE FLOWER

I'm a lit - tle prai - rie flow'r, Grow - ing wild - er ev - 'ry hour;
f No - bod - y cares to cul - ti - vate me, I'm as wild as wild can be.

I'm a little patchwork quilt,
 All my edges trimmed with gilt;
 Nobody's ever wrapped up in me,
 'Cause I'm as crazy as can be.

I'm a little snowflake white
 Floating downward in the night;
 Nobody ever cuddles up to me,
 'Cause I'm as cold as cold can be.

I'm a little wrinkled prune,
 Very soon I may be stewn;
 If I do, look out for me,
 I'm as bad as bad can be.

I'm as bad as bad can be.
 "Turalura, turale."

I'm a little acorn brown,
 Lying on the dusty ground;
 Nobody cares to pick me up,
 For I'm just a little NUT.

I was a little nut,
 Fell out of a tree;
 Along came a man,
 And stepped on me.

Teedle-dum, teedle-dum.

I'M CRACKED!

NOTE.—Stand while singing. Repeat last line as indicated in verse four, adding "Turalura, turale" with forefinger of right hand on center of top of head slowly turning a "pivot" while singing. End with shouting, "I'm WILD! I'm CRAZY," etc.

43. INSTITUTE MOTION SONG

Tune: "This Is the Way We Wash Our Clothes."

This is the way my money goes, money goes,
 money goes,
 This is the way my money goes,
 So early on Monday morning.

[Action: Pass right hand over left palm.]

This is the way we don our clothes,
 So early on Tuesday morning.

[Action: Hurried dressing.]

This is the way we stand in rows,
 So early on Wednesday morning.

[Action: Tramping at dining hall.]

This is the way we chalk our nose,
 So early on Thursday morning.

[Action: Chalking nose, with apology to ladies.]

This is the number of our beaux
 So early on Friday morning.

[Action: Thrusting hands up.]

This is the way the boys propose,
So early on Saturday morning.

[Action: Winking.]

This is the way we all arose,
So early on Sunday morning.
[Action: Yawning and stretching.]

This is the way my eye o'erflows,
So early on parting morning.
[Action: Weeping into handkerchief.]

—John C. Bieri.

44. CROWDS

Tune: "Smiles."

There are crowds that make you grumpy,
There are crowds that make you sad,
There are crowds that fill your heart with
longing,
Make you wish for home and ma and
dad.
But there are crowds that give you a
friendly feeling,
Make you feel that's where you want
to be,
That's the crowd that's gathered here
this evening,
It's the kind of a crowd for me.

45. TILL WE EAT AGAIN

Tune: "Till We Meet Again."

You'll be hungry till we eat again,
You'll feel hungry every now and then;
You'll be wondering, wondering when
You'll be served a life-sized dinner.
Every day you're feeling mighty thin,
Soon you'll be no fatter than a pin,
There'll be nothing left but skin,
Till we eat again.

46. MY BONNIE PARODIES

Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

My mother's an apple-pie maker,
My father, he fiddles for tin,
My sister scrubs floors for a livin'.
O boys, how the money rolls in.

Rolls in, rolls in,
O boys, how the money rolls in, rolls in,
etc.

My bonnie looked into the gas tank,
The height of its contents to see;
She lighted a match to assist her—
O, bring back my bonnie to me.

Bring back, bring back, etc.

Some people fly over the ocean,
Some people fly over the sea;
But I always have had the notion
I'd like to have land under me.

My girl, she is one of the sweetest,
She has a bright spot on her nose;
She powders her face every minute,
But her nose gets the most, I suppose.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my bonnie was dead.

My bonnie's a peach-bloom complexion,
Her face, it was lovely to see;
One day she got caught in a rainstorm—
O, bring back her beauty to me.

My bonnie lies under the auto,
My bonnie lies under the car;
O, please send somebody to help her,
For it's lonesome out here where I are.

47. POOR GEORGIE

Tune: "America."

Queen Mary, so they say,
Had a dictating way
With old King George.
When Georgie had a date,
Mary sat up to wait,
And if he came home late,
God save the king.

48. POOR MARY

Tune: "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

Mary had a swarm of bees, swarm of bees,
swarm of bees,
Mary had a swarm of bees,
And they, to save their lives,

Had to go where Mary went, Mary went,
Mary went,
Had to go where Mary went,
For Mary had the hives.

49. THE LONG-TAILED CAT

Tune: "Long, Long Trail."

What a long, long tail our cat's got,
And it's all covered with fur;
But it's sure no good to fight with,
And it's no help to purr.
She can't wag it like a dog does,
Nor give the bad flies a bat;
Don't laugh or sigh, but tell me why
There's a tail on a long-tailed cat.

51. THE SMOKE WENT UP THE CHIMNEY

Key: D. Motion Song

52. PUSSY WILLOW

*Tune: Common scale, a note to each line,
coming down the scale on the words,
"Meow. meow." etc.*

I know a little pussy,
Her coat is soft and gray;
She lives out in the meadow,
She'll never run away;
She'll always be a pussy,
She'll never be a cat,
For she's a pussy-willow;
Now, what do you think of that?

50. WHEN YOU DROVE A BUICK

Tune: "When You Wore a Tulip."

When you drove a Buick, a big yellow
 Buick,
 And I drove a rattling Ford,
You tried to guy me as you would pass by
 me,
 But your insults I ignored.

Then you struck a mudhole, a nice mushy
mudhole.
Your engine raced and roared,
Then I pulled out your Buick, your big
yellow Buick,
At the tail of my little red Ford.

Meow, meow, meow, meow,
Meow, meow, meow, meow!
SCAT! [Shout.]

VARIATION.—Divide crowd into two groups. One group goes up the scale while the other goes down.

53. WHERE DO WE GO?

Tune: "Where Do We Go from Here,
Boys?"

Where do we go from here, boys,
Where do we go from here?
We ate the cow from soup to nuts,
And passed around the cheer.

Bring on the after-dinner bunk,
We'll lend a willing ear.
O, boy! O, joy!
Where do we go from here?

Where do we go from here, boys,
Where do we go from here?
I don't give a rap, I don't,
I feel so full of cheer.
Just count me in whe'er you go,
You'll always find me near.
O, boy! O, joy! [Shout:]
WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

54. SMILES

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that warm our hearts in
friendship
And assure us that they're really true.
But the smile that has the finest meaning,
And the one that you remember best,
Is the smile that's backed by understand-
ing—
It completely outshines the rest.

55. GOOD-BY, OLD BILIOUS

Tune: "Good-by, My Lover."

We're all assembled here to-night (to-day).
Good-by, Old Bilius, good-by!
We're loaded down with dynamite
(We're optimists, we feel that way),
Good-by, Old Bilius, good-by.
By-low, Old Bilius, by-low, Old Bilius,
By-low, Old Bilius, good-by, Old Bilius,
good-by.

Don't tell us any tales of woe,
Just joke and smile, or out you go.

Don't weep and wail about our fate,
With Happiness we have a date.

56. WE AIN'T DOWN YIT

Tune: "Turkey in the Straw."

[Second Tenor:]
O, the mule's gone lame, the hens won't
lay;
Corn's way down, wheat won't pay;

Hogs no better, steers too cheap;
Cow's quit milkin', meat won't keep.

[First Tenor:]

Oats all heated, spuds all froze;
Wheat crop's busted, wind still blows;
Looks some gloomy, I'll admit.

[Bass Speaking:] Get up, Dobbin—
[All sing:] We ain't down yit!

[Second Tenor:]

O, the coal's too high, crops too low;
Freight rates doubled, got no show;
Money's tighter, morals loose;
Bound to git us; what's the use?

[First Tenor:]

Sun's not shinin' as it should;
Moon ain't beamin' like it could;
No use stoppin' to debate.

[Bass Speaking:] Get up, Dobbin—
[All sing:] It's gittin' late.

[Second Tenor:]

O, the wheels all wobble, the axle's bent;
Dashboard's broken, top all rent;
One shaft splintered, t'other sags;
Seat's all busted, end gate drags.

[First Tenor:]

May hang together, b'lieve it will;
Careful drivin'll make it still.

[Retard:]

Road's smoothed out till it won't seem
true.

[Bass Speaking:] Get up, Dobbin—

[All sing:] WE WILL PULL THROUGH.

57. LIVE YOUR BEST MEDLEY

Tune: "Just a Song at Twilight."

Key: A Flat.

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are
low,
And the flickering shadows softly come
and go;
With your friends around you, though the
day's been long,
Still to you, at evening, comes this old
song,
Comes this old sweet song.

Tune: "Silver Threads Among the Gold."
Leaguers, some day you'll grow old silver
threads among the gold.

Live life at its best to-day, ere your chance
has passed away.

Then, my Leaguers, you will be, will be,
always young and fair to see.

You will have abiding joy happiness
without alloy.

[*Substitute name of any organization;*
"Campers," etc.]

Tune: "Funicula."

Some think the world was made for fun
and frolic,

But no, not I; but no, not I.

Some day you'll find that you have got
the colic,

About to die, about to die.

And then you'll think of flowers and un-
dertakers,

I'll see your fate, you'll see your fate;
You'll wish you had not chummed with
fools and fakers,

'Twill be too late, 'twill be too late—FOR
[*Change key to B Flat. Second tenor has
same note on "old" as on "late" above.*]

*Tune: "The Old Gray Mare Ain't What
She Uster Be."*

Old Doc says you ain't what you uster be,
Ain't what you uster be,
Ain't what you uster be,

Old Doc says you ain't what you uster be,
Forty odd years ago.

Tune: "Aloha-Oe."

So, farewell to thee, farewell to thee,
The doctor says you haven't got a chance.

Farewell to thee, farewell to thee.

*Tune: "Massa's in the Cold, Cold
Ground."*

Massa's in the cold, cold ground.

58. "THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME."

Hear them bells go ting-a-ling-ling-ling,
All join hands and merrily we'll sing,
And when the verse am through in the
chorus all join in,

There'll be a hot time in the old town to-
night, My Baby.

[*Repeat through "to-night."*]

59. DID YOU EVER SEE A LASSIE?

Dramatic Motion Song

Tune: "Lieber Augustine." Key: G.

Did you ever see a lassie, a lassie, a lassie,
Did you ever see a lassie go this way and
that?

[*Gesture of reading a book on "this way
and that."*]

If you did, she's a student,

If her reading is prudent,

Did you ever see a lassie go this way and
that?

[*Blank expression on face as look from
side to side.*]

If you did, she's a dumb-bell,

And makes men say, "O well."

[*Hands over heart, eyes up as head turns
from side to side.*]

If you did, she is love-sick,
She fell for some poor hick.

[*Hands on hips, head raised, haughty air.*]

If you did, she is haughty,
And that is quite naughty.

60. YOU CAN TELL A MAN

Tune: "Long, Long Trail."

You can tell a man from —,

You can tell him by his talk;

You can tell a man from —,

You can tell him by his walk.

You can tell him by his manner

By his appetite and such—

You can tell a man from —,

But you cannot tell him—much.

[*Pause before singing "much."*]

61. GOAT SONG

Tune: "Sweet Adeline."

There was a man, a friend of mine,
Hung three red shirts upon the line.

He bought a goat, indeed he did,
He bought that goat just for a kid.

That horrid goat was feeling fine,
And ate those shirts right off the line.

He broke a stick across his back,
And tied him to a railroad track.
That horrid goat was doomed to die;
The fast mail train was drawing nigh.
He gave three awful shrieks of pain,
Coughed up those shirts and flagged the
train.

62. OYSTER STEW SONG

Once I ordered an oyster stew,
Alone, tee-hee, alone.
One little oyster loomed into view,
Alone, tee-hee, alone.
He looked at me and laughed in glee.
"I've been in many a stew," said he,
"But don't tell the cook that you saw me
Alone, tee-hee, alone."

63. IT'S A SHORT, SHORT LIFE

Tune: "There's a Long, Long Trail."

It's a short, short life we live here,
So let us laugh while we may,
With a song for every moment
Of the whole bright day.
What's the use of being gloomy,
Or what the use of our tears,
When we know a mummy's had no fun
For the last three thousand years?

64. MARY ANN McCARTHY

Motion Song

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Mary Ann McCarthy went fishing for
some clams,
Mary Ann McCarthy went fishing for
some clams,
Mary Ann McCarthy went fishing for
some clams,
But she didn't get a [clap twice] clam.
All she got was influenza,
All she got was influenza,
All she got was influenza,
But she didn't get a [clap twice] clam.
She dug up all the mud in San Francisco
Bay,
She dug up all the mud in San Francisco
Bay,

She dug up all the mud in San Francisco
Bay,
But she didn't get a [clap twice] clam.

65. MY FACE

Tune: "Blest Be the Tie."

I'd rather have fingers than toes,
I'd rather have eyes than a nose,
And as for the style of the ladies' bobbed
hair,
I'll be sorry, you bet, when it goes.
For beauty I'll not take a prize,
There're many more handsome by far;
My face, I don't mind it, for I am behind
it—
The fellow in front gets the jar.

66. ADVERTISE

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne."

The duck it never cackles
'Bout its million eggs or so;
The hen is quite a different bird;
One egg—and hear her blow.
The duck we spurn, but crown the hen,
Which leads me to surmise;
Don't hide your light, just blow your horn—
It pays to advertise.

67. O WHERE, O WHERE?

O where, O where has my little dog gone,
O where, O where can he be?
With his tail cut short, and his ears cut
long,
O where, O where can he be?
My little dog always waggles his tail,
Whenever he wants his grog;
And if the tail were more strong than he,
Why the tail would waggle the dog.

68. HERE COMES MY FORD

Tune: "My Sins Taken Away." See
Spirituals

Here comes my Ford across that field,
Here comes my Ford across that field,
Here comes my Ford across that field
Kicking up dust like an automobile,
All my grief's done taken away, taken
away.

If I should die in Tennessee, etc.,
Send my bones home C. O. D.
If I should die in Arkansas, etc.,
Send my bones to my mother-in-law.
If I should die in Alabam', etc.,
Leave my bones just where they am.
(Don't bury me in Birmingham.)
If I should die in Texas State, etc.
Bury my bones before too late,
Old St. Peter might close the gate, close
the gate.

69. WHILE THE ORGAN PEELED
Tune: "Silver Threads Among the Gold."
While the organ peeled potatoes,
Lard was rendered by the choir,
While the sexton tolled the church bells,
Some one set the church on fire.
"Holy smoke!" the preacher shouted;
In the rush he lost his hair;
Now his head resembles heaven,
For there is no parting there.
Darling, I am growing whiskers,
Soon I'll have to start to shave,
Then we'll buy a safety razor,
And O the money we will save!

70. THERE AIN'T NO FLIES

Tune: "Farmer's in the Dell."

There ain't no flies on us,
There ain't no flies on us,

There may be flies on some of you guys,
But there ain't no flies on us.

NOTE.—Continue with the words Ticks, Hicks;
Bugs, Mugs; Cooties, Beauties; Chiggers, Leaguers;
Germs, Worms.

71. BIRDS IN THE WILDERNESS
Tune: "Old Gray Mare."

Here we sit like birds in the wilderness,
Birds in the wilderness, birds in the wil-
derness;
Here we sit like birds in the wilderness,
Waiting for the train to come.
Waitin' for the train to come,
Waitin' for the train to come,
O here we sit like birds in the wilderness,
Waitin' for the train to come.

72. THOUSAND-LEGGED WORM
Tune: "Polly-Wolly Doodle."

Said a thousand-legged worm,
As he gave a little squirm,
"Has anybody seen a leg o'mine?
If it can't be found, I'll have to hop
around
On the other nine hundred and ninety-
nine."
"Hop around, hop around, on the other
nine hundred and ninety-nine;
If it can't be found, I'll have to hop
around
On the other nine hundred and ninety-
nine."

73. THERE WAS A BEE



There was a bee - i - ee - i - ee, Sat on a wall - i - all - i - all,



And he could buzz - i - uzz - i - uzz, And that was all - i - all - i - all.

There was a boy-i-oy-i-oy,
Who had a stick-i-ick-i-ick;
He hit that bee-i-ee-i-ee
An awful lick-i-ick-i-ick.

And then that bee-i-ee-i-ee
Began to sting-i-ing-i-ing.

He stung that boy-i-oy-i-oy
Like everything-i-ing-i-ing.

And then that boy-i-oy-i-oy
Began to yell-i-ell-i-ell.
He told that bee-i-ee-i-ee
To go to—"Way down yonder in the
cornfield."

74. THE TRAIN PULLED IN THE STATION

Tune: "The Wearin' of the Green."

O, the train pulled in the station,
The bell was ringing wet;
The track ran by the depot,
And I think it's running yet.

O, I jumped into the river,
Just because it had a bed;
I took a sheet of water
For to cover my head.

O, the rain makes all things beautiful,
The flowers and grasses, too;
If the rain makes all things beautiful,
Why don't it rain on you?

'Twas midnight on the ocean,
Not a street car was in sight;
While the sun and moon were shining,
And it rained all day that night.

'Twas a summer day in winter,
And the snow was raining fast,
As a barefoot boy, with shoes on,
Stood, sitting in the grass.

75. TOUGH LUCK SONG

Tune: "Turkey in the Straw."

O, his horse went dead, and his mule went lame,
And he lost six cows; what a measly shame!
Then a hurricane came on a summer's day
And blew the house where he lived away.
An earthquake came, when this was gone
And swallowed up the land that the house
stood on;
Then the tax collector came around,
And charged him up with a hole in the ground.

Hole in the ground, te-he-he!
But he never frowned! No, siree!
He put on a smile all of the while,
For he's a good Leaguer, and that's their style.

76. OUR COW

Tune: "Polly-Wolly Doodle."

We've got a cow down on our farm,
Moo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!
And she gives milk without alarm,
Moo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!

One day she drank from a frozen stream,
Moo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!
Ever since then she's given ice cream,
Moo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!

77. YES, WE HAVE OPTIMISM

Tune: "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

Yes! We have Optimism,
We have Optimism to-day!
We've canned all our gourches,
Our "O's" and our "Ouches,"
And let out a "Hip, Hooray!"
We have the best — in the nation,
It has a rock foundation. O, it's
Yes! We have Optimism,
We have Optimism to-day!

78. SHOO FLY!

Shoo fly, don't bother me,
Shoo fly, don't bother me,
Shoo fly, don't bother me,
I've no time for your company!

79. WATERMELON TIME

Tune: "Good Old Summer Time."

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
When watermelons are in tune
A-hangin' on the vine,
We'll pick the seeds right out our ears,
And that's a very good sign
That "melon-choly" holds no fears
In the good old summer time.

80. FORD MEMORIES

Tune: "Peggy O'Neal."

If your eyes are half their size,
We know how you feel!
If your smile is out of style,
We know how you feel!

If you walk like a sick kangaroo,
 If you talk like your mouth's full of glue,
 No use a-hissing, your motor is missing—
 We know how you feel!

81. GASOLINE

*Motion Song**Tune: "Tammany."*

Gasoline, gasoline!
 First you fill a little tank,
 Then you turn a little crank;
 Gasoline, gasoline!
 Sh, sh, sh, sh, sh, sh, sh, sh,
 Gasoline!

NOTE.—On "turn a little crank" all singers should imitate the motion in cranking a Ford.

82. THE MUSHROOM SONG

Tune: "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Mushroom is a vegetable,
 To select them few are able.
 You can't tell them when you meet them,
 You can't tell them when you eat them.
 If in heaven you awaken,
 Then you'll know you were mistaken,
 And the kind that you have eaten
 Werent' the kind you should have "et."

Violets, demure and pretty,
 Grow in bunches in the city,
 Where young men, with nice white collars,
 Pay for them their papas' dollars.
 What they pay for them and roses,
 Goodness gracious only knowses.
 Roses vanish when you marry—
 Better get them while you can.

83. CONUNDRUM SONG

Tune: "The Wearin' of the Green."

Do ships have eyes when they go to sea?
 Are there springs in the ocean bed?
 Does the jolly tar flow from a tree?
 Does a river ever lose its head?
 Are fishes crazy when they go in seine?
 Can an old hen sing her lay?
 Can you give relief to a window pane?
 Can you mend the break of day?

What vegetable is a policeman's beat?
 Is a newspaper white when it's read?
 Is a baker broke when he's making dough?
 Is an undertaker's business dead?
 Would a wall-paper store make a good hotel
 On account of the borders there?
 Would you paint a rabbit on a bald man's head
 Just to give him a little hair?

84. THE BEAR WENT OVER THE MOUNTAIN

Tune: "We Won't Go Home Till Morning."

The bear went over the mountain,
 The bear went over the mountain,
 The bear went over the mountain,
 To see what he could see.

And all that he could see

[Bloodcurdling yell:]

And all that he could see

[Bloodcurdling yell:]

Was the other side of the mountain.
 The other side of the mountain,
 The other side of the mountain
 Was all that he could see.

85. SWEET IVORY SOAP

Tune: "Sweet Adeline."

Sweet ivory soap, you are the dope,
 You make me clean just like scourine.
 I love you so, like sapolio.
 You're the idol of my bath,
 Sweet Ivory soap. (My only hope.)

Sweet ivory soap, you are the dope,
 You clean me so, like sapolio.
 In all my dreams, your square face beams,
 You're the fragrance of my bath,
 Sweet ivory soap. (You are the dope.)

Sweet Adeline, if you'll be mine,
 I'll paint your face with iodine;
 And on your nose I'll hang this sign,
 "Keep away from this girl, boys,
 For she is mine." (I'll say she's mine.)

86. TILL WE MEET

Tune: "Till We Meet Again."

Till we meet again we'll say adieu,
 We've enjoyed the time we've spent with
 you;
 All our skies will be more blue,
 Since we've had this hour with you.
 May the days so swiftly passing by
 Bring you joy in everything you try.
 So here's our hand, old pal, good-by,
 Till we meet again.

87. SMILE THE WHILE

Tune: "Till We Meet Again."

Smile the while we bid you fond adieu;
 We have had a happy time with you.
 To the vision we'll be true,
 Till another time unites us.
 Then we'll meet again so merrily,
 For we'll have a pleasant memory;
 There's lots of fun for you and me
 When we meet again.

88. MARY JANE

She promised to meet me as the clock
 struck seventeen,
 In the stockyards three miles out of town,
 Where the pig's feet and pig ears and
 tough old Texas steers
 Sell for sirloin steak at sixteen cents a
 pound.

She's my darling, she's my daisy,
 She's cross-eyed, she's crazy;
 She's knock-kneed, she's bow-legged, and
 she's lame;
 I know her teeth are false,
 For they rattle when she talks;
 She's my freckle-faced, consumptive
 Mary Jane.

89. THERE ARE SMILES

Tune: "Smiles."

There are smiles in old Kentucky,
 There are smiles in Idaho,

And you'll find them down in dear old
 Georgia,

And in every part of Ohio.

There are miles of smiles in Minnesota,
 And in Michigan and Tennessee,
 But the smiles I get in dear old —
 Are the smiles that look best to me.

There are smiles from Indiana,
 There are smiles from Idaho,
 There are smiles from Maine to California,
 There are smiles from North to Mexico.
 There are smiles all over this great nation,
 In whatever State your footsteps fall,
 But the smiles that come from —
 Are the smiles that are best of all.

90. LOVE, YOU ARE HOMELY

Tune: "Sing Me to Sleep."

Love, you are homely; your nose is long,
 And that's not the only thing that is wrong;
 Crossed are your eyes, Love, thin is your
 hair.

Love, you are homely—but I don't care.

91. MOTHER LEARY'S COW

Tune: "There'll Be a Hot Time."

One dark night, when we were all in bed,
 Old Mother Leary left a lantern in the
 shed.
 And when the cow kicked it over,
 She winked her eye and said,
 "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-
 night."

92. BOUGHT A LITTLE ROOSTER

Tune: "Good-by, My Lover, Good-by."

Bought a little rooster for fifteen cents,
 Good-by, my money, good-by;
 The little dickens, he jumped the fence;
 Good-by, my rooster, good-by.

Bye-o, my rooster, he'll never crow like he
 usher,
 Bye-o, my rooster; good-by, my money,
 good-by.

93. THE OLD APPLE PIE

Tune: "Neath the Shade of the Old Apple Tree."

'Neath the crust of the old apple pie,
There is something for you, me, O my!
It may be a pin that the cook has dropped
in,
Or it may be a poor little fly;
Or it may be a rusty old nail,
Or a piece of the pussy cat's tail.
But whatever it be, it's for you and for me,
'Neath the crust of the old apple pie.

94. LAFF IT OFF

Tune: "Hinky, Dinky, Parley Vous."

If you find your bank roll's bent,
Just laff it off;
When they press you for the rent,
Just laff it off;
When a fellow borrows "ten,"
Whistle "Till Me Meet Again,"
"Good-by Forever";
Laff it off.

If you're feelin' on the bum,
Just laff it off;
If you've acted kind o' dumb,
Just laff it off.
If you're handled kind o' rough,
If somebody calls your bluff,
Laff it off,
Just laff it off.

If your hair is falling out,
Just laff it off;
If you've got the croup or gout,
Just laff it off.
If you're fat, or if you're thin,
Teeth all out, and you're all in,
Smile a bit,
And laff it off.

If you ache in every joint,
Just laff it off;
If your prospects disappoint,
Just laff it off.

If the doctor says you're dead,
Never argue, keep your head;
Don't you worry,
Laff it off.

If your girl gives you the air,
Just laff it off;
If you're sure that she don't care,
Just laff it off.
Don't you know the fishing's fine?
Bait your hook, and throw your line,
Catch another—
Laff it off.

95. WE POWDER OUR NOSE

Tune: "Feather Your Nest."

If we have a date, we powder our nose;
If he is late, we powder our nose;
If we are walking or if we are shopping,
We always are stopping
To powder our nose.
At noon or night time we powder our nose,
In sun or moonshine we powder our nose,
We would be in season, so keep teasin' and
teasin',
For like postum "there's a reason"
Why we powder our nose.

96. THE NOODLE SOUP RAG

O I like to hear the music
Of my father drinking soup, SSP, SSP,
'Tis the noodle-soup rag.

Chorus

Father, ain't you got no manners?
Ain't you got no bringing up?
O, I like to hear the music
Of my father drinking soup, SSP, SSP,
'Tis the noodle-soup rag.

O, I like to hear the music
Of my sister chewing gum, Chew, Chew
[*Make motions of pulling gum*];
'Tis the chewing-gum rag.

Chorus

Sister, ain't you got no manners?
 Ain't you got no bringing up?
 O, I like to hear the music
 Of my sister chewing gum, Chew, Chew,
 'Tis the chewing-gum rag.

O, I like to hear the music
 Of my sister and her beau, Smack, Smack,
 'Tis the kissing-game rag.

Chorus

Sister, ain't you got no manners?
 Ain't you got no bringing up?
 O, I like to hear the music
 Of my sister and her beau, Smack, Smack,
 'Tis the kissing-game rag.

97. PARODY ON TIT-WILLOW

On a fence in the garden, a little tomcat
 Sang, "Maria—Maria—Maria";
 I said, "My poor pussy cat, what are you
 at,

Singing Maria—Maria—Maria?"
 "Is it out of pure cussedness, pussy," I
 said,
 "That you keep honest people up out of
 the bed?"
 He replied, with a sorrowful shake of his
 head,
 "Maria—Maria—Maria."

An old man, he slept in the garret above,
 Maria—Maria—Maria.
 He listened to Tommy's sweet ballad of
 love,
 Maria—Maria—Maria.

With bootjacks and bricks he prepared
 for the fight,
 And knocked that poor Thomas Cat clean
 out of sight;
 And the ghost of poor Tommy comes
 back every night,
 And sings, "Maria—Maria—Maria."

NOTE.—Soloist sings song with chorus chiming in on
 "Maria, Maria, Maria."

98. ECHO SONG

I II III IV I

Ech - o, I can hear you, hear you, hear you, hear you, Tho' I can't get near you,
 near you, near you, near you, You're so far a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way.

NOTE.—The singers are to be divided into three or four groups in different sections of the room or camp. One group sings the song and the other groups, in turn, repeat the echo as indicated. Some beautiful effects can be gotten if the echoing groups will shade off until the last group sounds as though far away.

99. THE IRISH WEDDING

Tune: "O Promise Me."

Briget:

O promise me, my Pat O'Flanagan,
 That you will ever, always, be my man;
 That you will give me, every week, your
 pay,
 And always let me have my own sweet
 way,

Nor let your eyes on other flappers rest,
 But always tell your Bridget she's the
 best.

Obey me! or I'll have to wield the broom.
 O promise me, my Irish groom.

Pat:

O promise me, my own dear Bridget
 O'Toole,
 That you will never knock me for a goal;

That you will never use the rolling pin,
But that we'll always live like Andy
Gump and Min;
And that you'll never bob your hair
again,
Nor powder, rouge, doll up for other men;
Attend the pigs, and have the patties
fried.
O promise me, my Irish bride.

NOTE.—This may be made the basis for an Irish
Wedding stunt.

100. ADAM WAS A GARDENER

Tune: "The Spider and the Spout."

Adam was a gardener and Eve was his
spouse,
They lost their job by stealing fruit and
went to keeping house.
There it was a quiet one and peaceful in
the main,
Until they had a baby boy and went to
raising Cain.

Chorus

Young folks, old folks, everybody come,
All come out to — and make yourselves
at home.
But please check your chewing gum and
razors at the door,
And we'll tell you Bible stories that you
never heard before.

Esau was a farmer of a wild and woolly
make;
His daddy gave him half the farm and
half to Brother Jake;
But Esau saw that his title, it wasn't very
clear,
So he sold his half to Brother Jake and
said he didn't "keer."

Daniel, he got sassy and wouldn't obey
the King;
The King got sore and said he wouldn't
stand for such a thing;
He chucked him down a manhole with
lions underneath,
But Daniel was a dentist, and he pulled
the lions' teeth.

Jonah was an emigrant, so runs the Bible
tale;
He bought a steerage passage on a trans-
Atlantic whale;
But the whale's interior was cramped at
the very best,
So Jonah pressed the button—and the
whale, he did the rest.

101. GOOD EVENING

Tune: "Good Morning, Mr. Zip, Zip."

Good evening, all you Epworth League
folks,
With a purpose just as true as mine;
Good evening, all you Epworth League
folks,
You're certainly looking fine.

Work with a purpose until you "bust."
If the old folks don't do it, the young folks
must.

Good evening, all you Epworth League
folks,
With a purpose just as true as,
A purpose just as true as,
With a purpose just as true as mine.

102. A SMILE IS QUITE A FUNNY THING

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne."

A smile is quite a funny thing.
It wrinkles up your face,
And when it's gone you never find
Its secret hiding place.
But far more wonderful it is
To see what smiles can do.
You smile at one, he smiles at you,
And so one smile makes two.

He smiles at some one, since you smile,
And then that one smiles back,
And that one smiles until, in truth,
You fail in keeping track.
And since a smile can do great good
By cheering hearts of care,
Let's smile and smile and not forget
That smiles go everywhere.

103. CLEMENTINE

In a cav - ern in a can - yon, Ex - ca - vat-ing for a
 mine, Lived a min - er, for - ty - nin - er, And his daugh - ter, Clem-en - tine.
 CHORUS
 O my dar - ling, O my dar - ling, O my dar - ling Clem-en - tine, You are
 lost and gone for - ev - er; Dread - ful sor - ry, Clem - en - tine.

Light she was and like a feather,
 And her shoes were number nine;
 Herring boxes, minus topses,
 Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water
 Every morning just at nine;
 Stubbed her toe upon a splinter,
 Fell into the foaming brine.

Then we all rushed to the rescue,
 Threw a lanky piece of pine;
 But she sank before it reached her,
 So I lost my Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner,
 He began to peak and pine,
 Thought he oughter join his daughter;
 Now he's with my Clementine.

104. IT AIN'T GOIN' TO RAIN NO MORE

Key: A Flat.

Johnny went to church one day,
 He climbed into the steeple;
 He took his shoes and stocking off,
 And threw them at the people.

The firefly is a funny bug,
 He hasn't any mind;
 He travels all the way through life
 With his headlight on behind.

Johnny stole a penny,
 And to the court was sent;
 The court found Johnny guilty,
 But he was innocent.

The skeeter likes a hairless man,
 With him he's quite at home;
 No better pasture can he find
 Than on a bald man's dome.

Some people say that fleas are black,
 But I don't think it's so;
 For Mary had a little lamb
 Whose fleas was white as snow.

A tomcat on a high board fence,
 A bulldog on the ground;
 The tomcat jumped on the bulldog's back,
 And the world went round and round.

There's a cross-eyed woman lives across
 the road,
 She's cross-eyed, it's a fact;
 And every time the lady cries
 The tears roll down her back.

Mary had a little slam
For every one, and so
The leaves of her engagement book
Were always white as snow.

105. THE DUMMY LINE

Tune: Original or "Turkey in the Straw."
Key: G.

Across the prairie on a streak of rust,
There's something moving in a cloud of dust.
It crawls into the village with a wheeze and whine,
It's the two-o'clock flyer on the dummy line.

Chorus

Ridin' on the dummy, on the dummy line,
Rain or shine I'll pay my fine,
Rain or shine I'll pay my fine,
Ridin' on the dummy,
On the dummy, dummy line.

I got on the dummy and I didn't have my fare.

The conductor said, "What are you doing there?"

He grabbed me by the collar and he showed me to the door,
And said, "I don't want to see you on the dummy any more."

I saw a snail go whizzing past;
A guy said, "My, this train is fast;"
Said I, "Old man, that may be true,
But the question is, What is it fast to?"

I said to the brakeman, "Can't you speed up a bit?"

Said he, "You can walk if you don't like it."

Said I, "Old man, I'd take your dare,
But the folks don't expect me till the train gets there."

Three young ladies, all dressed in brown,
Got on the dummy at a little town.
"The seats are all taken," said one with a frown;
Mr. —— got up and they all sat down.

A queer looking dame across the aisle
Grabbed up her grips, looked at me with a smile;
"I must be off," she said to me;
Said I, "You're off, that's plain to see."

106. CHEWING GUM

Key: B Flat.

My mamma gave me a nickle to buy a pickle;
Instead I bought some chewing gum.
Ta-da-da, chewing gum;
Ta-da-da-da, chewing gum,
Instead I bought some chewing gum,
Ta-da-da, chewing gum.

My mamma gave me a dime to buy some lime,

My mamma gave me a quarter to buy a garter,

My mamma gave me a dollar to buy a collar.

107. THE STATE SONG

Tune: "Our Town Will Shine." *Key: G.*

O what did Tennessee, boys, O what did Tennessee?
O what did Tennessee, boys, O what did Tennessee?
O what did Tennessee, boys, O what did Tennessee?

I ask you again, as a personal friend,
What did Tennessee?
She saw what Ar-kan-saw, boys; I tell you again—

O where has Ore-gon, boys?
She's taking Oklahome, boys.

O how did Wis-con-sin, boys?
She stole a New Brass-key, boys,
O what did Connecti-cut boys?
She cut Miss-issip-pi, boys.

O what did Dela-ware, boys?
She wore a New Jersey, boys.
(I turned my Iowa.)

O where did Ida-ho, boys?
She hoed in Mary-land, boys.

O what did Io-wa, boys?
She weighed a Washing-ton, boys.

O what made Chicago ill, boys?
Too much Illinois, etc.

Why does Baton Rouge, boys?
If you'll wait, Alaska, boys.

What does Jamaica make, boys?
She makes Virginia gin, boys.

108. NAPOLEON

Tune: "Reuben, Reuben." Key: E Flat.
I had a horse and his name was Napoleon,
All because of his bony parts;
He was owned by old man Dolen,
But he'd only run by fits and starts.

He was so thin you could see right through
him,
And his hair was soft as silk;
I hitched him up to my milk wagon;
When I wanted to stop, I hollered,
"Milk."

Well, one day as I was driving,
Along came a fellow with a rig so neat;
Says he to me, "Come on, you Reuben,
We'll have a race right down the
street."

Away we went a-helter-skelter;
I had a smile all over my face;
As sure as I'm a sinner I'd have come out
winner,
But he hollered, "Milk," and I lost the
race.

109. IVAN SKIZAVITZSKY SKIVAR

Tune: "Estudiantina" (La Combe)

The sons of the prophet were hardy and
bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear;
But the bravest of all, at least so I'm told
Was Abdul el Bulbul Ameer.

There were heroes in plenty and men
known to fame,
Who fought in the ranks of the Czar;
But none of more fame than a man by the
name
Of Ivan Skizavitzsky Skivar.

One morning this Russian had shoulder'd
his gun,
And assumed his most truculent leer;
At the rise of the sun, he just managed to
run
Into Abdul el Bulbul Ameer.

"Young man," quoth Bulbul, "has your
life been so dull,
That you now wish to end your career?
For, infidel, know you have trod on the
toe
Of Abdul el Bulbul Ameer.

"So take your last look on each sky, sea
and brook,
And send your regrets to the Czar;
For by this I imply, thou art going to die,
Count Ivan Skizavitzsky Skivar!"

Said Ivan: "My friend, your remarks, in
the end,
Will avail you but little, I fear;
For you will never survive to repeat them
alive,
Señor Abdul el Bulbul Ameer."

Then that brave Mameluke drew his
trustly Skabook,
And, shouting "Allah!" and "Allah!"
With murder intent, he immediately went
After Ivan Skizavitzsky Skivar.

Right soon was his knife extracting his life,
In fact he had shouted "Hurrah!"
When he felt himself struck by that wily Calmuck,
Count Ivan Skizavitzsky Skivar.

The Sultan rode up the disturbance to quell,
Or award to the victor a cheer;
He arrived just in time to bid hasty farewell
To Abdul el Bulbul Ameer.

And the Grand Duke, too, in his spectacles blue,
Rode up in the Emperor's car.
His Highness drew nigh just to catch the last sigh
Of Ivan Skizavitzsky Skivar.

Now the moral this story doth point
Is the foolhardiness of war;
They both now are dead, that's all to be said
Of Ivan Skizavitzsky Skivar.

110. THE SPIDER AND THE SPOUT

(Variation—sing it with a lisp). Motion Song

The blast-ed, bloom-in' spi-der ran up the bloom-in' spout;
And then the bloom-in' rain came down and washed the spi-der out;
But when the bloom-in' sun ap-peared and dried up all the rain,
O the blast-ed, bloom-in' spi-der ran up the spout a-gain.

NOTE.—Motions: Spiral motion with hand on "ran up the spout." Both hands up and shimmering motion down on "the rain came down." Point at sun and repeat first motion on last line.

111. SPEAK TO ME, LOVE!

Speak to me, love, on - ly speak - y, spik - y, spoke. Why are those tears on your cheek - y, chik - y, choke? Give me the an - swer I seek - y, sick - y, soke, Or I'll jump in - to the creek - y, crick - y, croke!

112. ALOUETTE

Motion Song

Allegretto

Allegretto

4 - lou - et - te, gen - tile A - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te,
 FINE Solo

Je te plu - me - rai. 1. Je te plu - me - rai la - tete,
 Chorus * Solo Chorus

Je te plu - me - rai la - tete, Et - la - tete, Et - la - tete, O!
 Alouette, gentile Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.

2. Je te plumerai le bec.

3. Le nez.

Chorus

4. Le dos.

Selja

5. Les pattes.

Et le bec, et le bec, O!
Alouette, gentile Alouette, Alouette, je te
plumerai.

1000

NOTE.—After the first verse, repeat this measure with the words in the reverse order; for example, the last verse will be as follows: *Et le cou, et les pattes, et le bec, et le nez, et le bec, et le tete, O, Alouette, etc.* As the singers repeat the words "la tête" (the head), "le bec" (the beak), "le nez" (the nose), "le dos" (the neck), "les pattes" (the paws), "le cou" (the neck), they touch their own corresponding features.

113. MISTRESS SHADY

Allegro $\text{♩} = 112$

Musical score for 'Mistress Shady' in 6/8 time, treble clef, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are:

O Mis-tress Sha-dy, she is a la-dy. She has a
daugh-ter whom I a-dore. Ev'-ry day I court her, I mean the
daugh-ter, Ev'-ry Sun-day, Mon-day, Tues-day, Wednes-day, Thurs-day, Friday,
Sat-ur-day, Sun-day aft-er-noon at half-past four.

114. A, B, C SONG

A, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p,
q, r, s, and t, u, v, w, and x, y, z.
Hap - py, hap - py, I will be, when I learn my a, b, c's.

115. THE TREE IN THE WOOD

Allegro

All in a wood there grew a tree, The fin - est tree you ev - er did see; The tree was in the wood, And the green leaves grew all a - round, a - round, a - round. And the green leaves grew all a - round.

And on this tree there grew a limb,
The finest limb you ever did see;

The limb was on the tree,
And the green leaves grew all around,
around, around,
And the green leaves grew all around.

And on this limb there was a branch,
The finest branch you ever did see;

The branch was on the limb,
The limb was on the tree,
The tree was in the wood, etc.

And on this branch there was a nest, etc.

And in this nest there was an egg, etc.

And in this egg there was a bird, etc.

And on this bird there was a wing, etc.

And on this wing there was a feather, etc.

116. OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Tune: "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

At the boarding house where I was staying
Everything was green with mold;
The landlady's hair was in the butter,
Silver threads among the gold.

The dog died; we had hot-dog for dinner;
The cat died: we had catnip tea;
The landlady died the very next morning;
I left—that was too much for me.

117. LIMERICKS

Allegro moderato

A can - ner, ex - ceed - ing - ly can - ny, One morn - ing re-
 marked to his gran - ny: A can - ner can can An - y.
 thing that he can, But a can - ner can't can a can, can he?

There was a young man so benighted,
 He didn't know when he was slighted;
 But went to the party
 And ate just as hearty
 As though he'd been duly invited.

There was a young lady of Niger,
 Who smiled as she rode on a tiger.
 They returned from the ride
 With the lady inside,
 And the smile on the face of the tiger.

There was an old man from Sorentum,
 Who sat on his false teeth and bent 'em;
 When asked what they cost
 And how much he had lost,
 He said, "I don't know, I just rent 'em."

There was an old man from Nantucket,
 Who kept all his cash in a bucket;
 His daughter named "Nan"
 Ran away with a man;
 And as for the bucket, Nan tuck it.

There was a young girl named Hannah,
 Who was caught in a flood in Montana.
 As she floated away,
 Her sister, they say,
 Accompanied her on the piano.

There was a young man from the city,
 Who saw what he thought was a kitty.
 He gave it a pat,
 Said, "Nice little cat,"
 And they buried his clothes out of pity.

A fly and a flea in a flue
 Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
 Said the fly, "Let us flee."
 Said the flea, "Let us fly."
 So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

There was an old maid in Berlin,
 Who was so exceedingly thin.
 That when she essayed
 To drink lemonade,
 She slipped through the straw and fell in.

118. UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE (*Motion Song*)

Un - der the spread-ing chest-nut tree, When I knelt up - on my knee,
 We were hap - py as could be, Un - der the spread-ing chest - nut tree.

Motions: Repeat the song, substituting appropriate motions for the following words: "spreading" (spread arms), "chest" (smite chest with both hands), "nut" (pat head with hands), "tree" (arms close to side, bent upward from elbow, hands spread with palms up), "knee" (strike knee with hand).
 If preferred, the leader can have the singers drop these words one at a time, taking them in the following order: "tree," "nut," "chest," "spreading," and "knee."

119. MY FATHER'S WHISKERS

Tune: "Hambone."

I have a dear old father,
For whom I nightly pray;
He has a bunch of whiskers,
They're always in the way.

Chorus

They're always in the way,
The cows chew them for hay;
They hide the dirt on father's shirt,
They're always in the way.

At supper in the evening,
Around the family group,
My dear old father's whiskers
Get tangled in the soup.

My dear old mother chews them
At night when she's asleep;
And dreams that she is eating
A bowl of shredded wheat.

My father has a flivver,
He calls it "his machine;"
His whiskers are so long
They strain the gasoline.

My father went to Flanders;
He was not killed, you see;
He hid behind his whiskers
And fooled the enemy.

120. ALPHABET LOVE SONG

Tune: "Sweet Adeline."

O MLE,
Sweet MLE,
What XTC,
When UIC
Who could 4C?
Your NTT,
Would be TNT 2 me.
Sweet MLE.

O, sweet QT,
My own QT,
With U 2 B
Is XTC.
B thou my m8
2nite at 8,
EE me into a big d8,
Ere it's 2 18.

121. MOTHER MACHREE'S OLD MAN

You have all heard the story of Mother
Machree;
She's a fine little lady you all will agree;
But I know you will think it a very fine
plan

If I tell you the story about her old man.

Sure, he came home one night, and he
started a row
With that dear little woman I sang of just
now.

Now he's in the hospital, Ward 23,
Needing help and protection from Mother
Machree.

122. I'VE GOT A DOG

Tune: "Prairie Flower."

I've got a dog as thin as a rail,
He's got fleas all over his tail;
Every time his tail goes flop,
The fleas on the bottom all hop on top.

123. THE THINNEST MAN

Tune: "O Me, O My!"

O me, O my, he was the thinnest man,
As thin as the soup in a boarding house,
Or the skin of a soft-shelled clam;
O my, O me, he often lost his breath.
He fell through a hole in the seat of his
pants,
And choked himself to death.

124. SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY

Sweet Rosie O'Grady,
She was a seamstress by birth;
She swallowed a tape line,
For she was tired of this earth.
She wanted to die by inches,
But finding that too hard,
She went out into the garden
And died there by the yard.

125. THROW THEM OUT THE WINDOW

Lit - tle Jack Hor - ner sat in a cor - ner, eat-ing his Christ-mas pie;
 He stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plum, And threw it out the win-
 dow, the win - dow, the win - dow, He threw it out the win - dow, He
 stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plum, And threw it out the win - dow.

NOTE.—Any nursery rhyme may be used with this tune. Some suggested ones are: "Little Bopeep," "Jack Sprat," "Mary Had a Little Lamb," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

126. THE BILLBOARD

As I was walk - ing down the street A bill - board met my eye.
 The ad - ver - tise - ments writ - ten there Would make you laugh and cry.
 The wind and rain had come that day And washed it half a - way,
 And what was left up - on that sign Would make that bill - board say:

Come smoke a coco-cola,
 Chew catsup cigarettes;
 See Lillian Russell wrestle
 With a box of oysterettes;
 Good pork and beans will meet to-night
 In a finish fight.
 Chauncey Depew will lecture
 On sapolio to-night.

Bay rum is good for horses,
 It is the best in town.
 Castoria cures the measles,
 You pay five dollars down.
 Teeth extracted without pain
 For the price of half a dime.
 Overcoats are selling now
 A little out of time.

Chew Wrigley's for that headache,
Take Campbell's for that cough;
There's going to be a swimming meet
In the village watering trough.

Buy a case of ginger ale,
It makes the best of broth.
Shinola's sure to curl the hair
And not to take it off.

127. THREE FISHERMEN

1. O once there were three fish - er - men, O once there were three
 2. The first one's name was A - bra - ham, The first one's name was
 3. The sec - ond one's name was I - saac, The sec - ond one's name was
 4. The third one's name was Ja - cob, The third one's name was
 5. They all went up to Jer - i - cho, They all went up to
 6. They wished they'd gone to Am - ster - shuh, They wished they'd gone to

fish - er - men, Fish - er, fish - er, men, men, men, Fish - er, fish - er,
 A - bra - ham, A - bra, A - bra, ham, ham, ham, A - bra, A - bra,
 was I - saac, I - sa, I - sa, saac, saac, saac, I - sa, I - sa,
 Ja - cob, Ja, Ja, cob, cob, cob, Ja, Ja,
 Jer - i - cho, Jer - i, Jer - i, cho, cho, cho, Jer - i, Jer - i,
 Am - ster - shuh, Am - ster, Am - ster, shuh, shuh, Am - ster, Am - ster,

men, men, men, O once there were three fish - er - men.
 ham, ham, ham, The first one's name was A - bra - ham.
 saac, saac, saac, The sec - ond one's name was I - saac.
 cob, cob, cob, The third one's name was Ja - cob.
 cho, cho, cho, They all went up to Jer - i - cho.
 shuh, shuh, shuh, They wished they'd gone to Am - ster - shuh.

128. MY HAIR

Tune: "Long, Long Trail."

There's a long, long trail a-winding,
Where my hair used to be,
And the flies, they dance and skate
Upon my i-vo-ry.

There's a long, long night of waiting
For the work of herpicide
Till all the hairs live again
That look like they have died.

129. GINGER ALE

Tune: "Jingle Bells."

Ginger ale, ginger ale, ginger all the way,
 The bubble goes right up my nose and
 makes me feel so gay,
 Ginger ale, ginger ale, hip, hip, hip, HOO-
 RAY!
 O what glee it is to be at — to-day.

130. A PRETTY SPOT IN IRELAND

Tune: "Where the River Shannon Flows."

There's a pretty spot in Ireland,
 I'll never claim for my land,
 Where the River Shannon's flowing—
 I went bathing there one day.
 In the water I was wading,
 With my clothes off I was bathing,
 When two loafers came parading
 And stole my clothes away.

Chorus

Where the River Shannon's flowing
 Those loafers stole my clothes.
 When I hollered, "Help" and "Murder,"
 They just punched me on the nose.
 When I told them they had tricked me,
 They turned round and licked me,
 And the big Irishman kicked me—
 Where the River Shannon flows.

131. JOHN BROWN'S FORD

Motion Song

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic."
 John Brown's Ford had a puncture in its
 tire (3 times),
 And he patched it up with chewing gum.

Chorus

Then he pumped it full of air (3 times),
 When he patched it up with chewing gum.

Motions: On second repeat drop the word "Ford" and substitute cranking motion; next drop the word "puncture" and substitute a hissing sound; then "tire" and form circle with the arms, the hands brought together overhead; for "chewing gum" substitute the motion of stretching the gum three times; on "pumped" imitate motion used in pumping air into a tire; on "air," puff up the cheeks and blow.

132. O, IN THE MOONLIGHT

O, in the moonlight when I hold some-
 body's hand,
 O, in the moonlight I begin to understand
 Why all the little beezyes, all the little
 bearzyes,
 Never go in threeezyes, always go in pair-
 zyes,
 O, in the moonlight when I hold some-
 body's hand.

PEP SONGS

133. OLD-FASHIONED PEP

Tune: "Ain't Gonna Rain No More."
Sing in fast time

The finest — I ever saw,
It never comes a pokin';
And if I told you the pep they've got,
You'd think I was a jokin'.

It's not the pep of the pepper box,
Nor the pep of the pop-corn popper,
It's not the pep of the vinegar can,
Nor the pep of the vinegar stopper.

It's the good old-fashioned [shout] P-E-P,
The pep that you can't down.
It's the pep of the good old — crowd,
The peppiest bunch in town.

134. UM-M AND A LITTLE BIT MORE

Tune: "Um-m and a Little Bit."
I want to be an Epworth Leaguer,
Um-m and a little bit more;
I want to go to the Institute,
Um-m and a little bit more.
I want to go to —,
And then I'll ask no more,
For I've had all that's coming to me,
Um-m and a little bit,
Um-m and a little bit,
Um-m and a little bit more.

135. BE A BOOSTER

Tune: "Jesus Saves."

If you think your League is best, tell 'em so,
If you'd have it lead the rest, help it grow!

When there's anything to do, let them always count on you;

You'll feel good when it is through,
don't you know, don't you know?

If you're used to giving knocks, change your style, change your style!

Throw bouquets instead of rocks, for a while, for a while.

Let the other fellow roast, shun him as you would a ghost;

Meet his banter with a boast and a smile, and a smile.

When a stranger from afar comes along, comes along,

Tell him who and what you are—make it strong, make it strong.

Never flatter, never bluff; tell the truth, for that's enough.

Be a booster! That's the stuff! Don't just belong, just belong.

136. WAKE UP THE CHAPTER

Tune: "Brighten the Corner."

Brighten the corner where you are,
Brighten the corner where you are,
So as an Epworth Leaguer you may be a shining star,
Brighten the corner where you are.

Wake up the Chapter where you are,
Wake up the Chapter where you are,
Some little Chapter you may have to give a jar,

Wake up the Chapter where you are.

Boost for the Chapter where you are,
Boost for the Chapter where you are,
Some discouraged Chapter you may boost away 'bove par,
Boost for the Chapter where you are.

ORGANIZATION SONGS

137. IT'S GREAT TO BELONG TO THE EPWORTH LEAGUE

Tune: "It's Nice to Get Up in the Morning." Key: G.

O, it's nice to belong to the Epworth League and be an Epworthian,
To pal with other Leaguers and to help them all you can;
To play and pray together, working hand in hand,
O, it's great to belong to the Epworth League and be an Epworthian.

138. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE EPWORTH LEAGUE?

Tune: "What's the Matter with Father?"

What's the matter with the Epworth League?
It's all right!
What's the matter with the Epworth League?
Out of sight!
It brings us together so much, you see,
It's chock-full of good things for you and me.
What's the matter with the Epworth League?
It's ALL RIGHT!

139. EPWORTH LEAGUE, MY EPWORTH LEAGUE

Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland."

Thy praises high I love to sing,
Epworth League, my Epworth League;
My talents now to thee I bring,
Epworth League, my Epworth League.
With friendship, love, and loyalty,
I'll serve my Saviour faithfully,
And follow him in purity,
Epworth League, my Epworth League.

So louder now my song I'll swell,
Epworth League, my Epworth League;

And make it ring o'er hill and dell,
Epworth League, my Epworth League.
May truth and honor be my goal,
Exalt my life, make pure my soul,
Sing loud Christ's praise from pole to pole,
Epworth League, my Epworth League.

NOTE.—Sing first verse in moderate tone. Swell to full volume on second verse.

140. THAT'S EPWORTH LEAGUE

Tune: "Peggy O'Neil." Key: C.

If you lend a helping hand,
That's Epworth League;
If you love your fellow man,
That's Epworth League.

Serve—with never a thought for yourself!
Serve—or else you'll go upon the shelf!
All hospitality, pep, and vitality—
That's Epworth League.

141. THE MALTESE CROSS SONG

Tune: "Stein Song." Key: C.

Give a cheer for dear old Maytime,
Spring of life that knows no fear;
Turn the nighttime into daytime
With the sunlight of good cheer.
For it's always fair weather
When the Leaguers get together,
With the Maltese Cross before us,
And a good song ringing clear.

Chorus
[Repeat last four lines of verse.]

142. WE HAVE NO CRÊPE HANGERS

Tune: "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

Yes, we have no crêpe hangers, we have no crêpe hangers to-day,
Each one here's a booster, as proud as a rooster
Of our home town—Hurray!
O, we may not have much money,
But prospects sure look sunny;
And yes, we have no crêpe hangers,
We have no crêpe hangers to-day.

148. DUMP ALL YOUR TROUBLES

Tune: "Pack All Your Troubles."

Dump all your troubles in your own back yard,
And boost, boost, boost;
Don't be a knocker and a grouch, old pard—
Boosting is in style.
What's the use of growling?
It always plays the deuce—SO—
Dump all your troubles in your own back yard
And boost, boost, boost.

144. THE BUNCH

Tune: "Turkey in the Straw." *Key: A Flat*

O! the — bunch
Is the truest and the best;
They keep things going
And they never take a rest.
And they have one yell,
And they yell it all together,
And it goes like this:
" — FOREVER."

145. WE HAVE NO LEAGUE SLACKERS

Tune: "Yes, We Have No Bananas."
Yes! We have no League slackers,
We have only backers to-day;
We're all up and comers,
We have no back numbers;
We've all kinds of pep; and say,
You should ask where we come from,
From good old —;
But, yes! We have no League knockers,
We have only boosters to-day.

146. GET TO WORK

Tune: "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet."
Take off your coat and collar,
Get to work, push and holler,
And we'll boost the Epworth League on
its way;
When to-night's work is over,
Why not stay in the clover,
And be ready for a big, new day?

147. LEAGUES THAT BRAG

Tune: "Smiles."

There are Leagues that do a lot of bragging
'Bout the things they claim that they can do;
There are Leagues that simply won't stop nagging,
With hot air they're filled just through and through;
But our League is different from all others,
She's the greatest in the U. S. A.
—, we wish you knew us better—
That's the reason we're here to-day.

148. THERE ARE LEAGUES

Tune: "Smiles."

There are Leagues that make you happy,
There are Leagues that make you blue;
There are Leagues that might have done for grandad,
But they'll never do for me and you.
There are Leagues as slow as brown molasses
That will find they up to date must be,
For the League with life and pep and ginger
Is the League that's the one for me.

149. EPWORTH LEAGUERS FROM THE START

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne."

We're Epworth Leaguers from the start,
Please drop your dignity;
Just laugh and sing with all your heart,
And show your loyalty.
May other meetings be forgot,
Let this one be the best;
Join in the songs we sing to-night,
Be happy with the rest.

150. A LEAGUE AFFAIR

Tune: "Animal Fair."

I went to a League affair,
The boys and the girls were there.

The songs and yells
 And jingling bells
 Did make an awful blare.
 The menu it was great;
 I ate, and ate, and ate.
 The waiter said it turned his head—
 He's eating now the plate.

—John C. Bieri.

151. MY GAL

Tune: "That's Where My Money Goes."

My gal's a hullabaloo,
 She goes to Epworth League, too.
 Love her, I love her true,
 Yes, sir, indeed I do.
 And in my future life
 She's goin' to be my wife.

[*Shout:*]
**HOW IN THE WORLD DO YOU GET
 THAT WAY?**
 She told me so.
*[Use "Man" in place of "Gal" for
 second verse.]*

152. FARE THEE WELL

Tune: "Till We Meet Again."

Fare thee well until we meet again
 In our League to sing our glad refrain.
 May the Lord be near to you,
 Keep you ever pure and true.
 Help somebody as you go along
 With a prayer, a smile, a happy song;
 Then the Lord will smile on you—
 Till we meet again.

—John C. Bieri.

GREETING SONGS

153. HOWDY DO, EVERYBODY

Tune: "I Gave Her Kisses One."

How do you do, everybody, how do you do?
Is there anything that we can do for you?
We're mighty glad you came,
We hope you feel the same;
How do you do, everybody, how do you do?
—

154. THERE'S MUSIC

Tune: "Ain't Gonna Rain" or "Ham-bone."

There's music in the teapot,
There's music in the spout,
There's music in —,
But it's hard to get it out.

It's steam in the boiler
That gives the engine drive:
But —'s steam is the kind of steam
That makes this crowd alive.
—

155. WELCOME, NEIGHBOR

Tune: First Phrase of "A, B, C" Song

Welcome, neighbor, how do you do?
We're mighty glad to meet with you.

159. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH —?

What's the mat - ter with? He's all right! What's the mat - ter with?
He's all right! He gave us a year of pros - per - i - ty. We love him be -
cause he loves us, you see. What's the mat - ter with? He's all right!

156. JINGLE BELLS

Mr.—

Mr.—

Listen while we sing.
You are good at all your work,
Great at anything.
Here's to you, here's to you,
Here's to you to-day.
Here's to you in future years—
May good things come your way.

157. HELLO, —

Hello, —, we're your friend,
We'll stay with you to the end.

158. ALL IN FAVOR, SAY AYE!

Tune: "What's the Matter with Father?"

All in favor, say Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye!
All in favor, say Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye!
— the place that we all adore;
Ask for our vote and then hear us roar.
All in favor, say Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye!
—[Shout:] AYE.
—'s the man that runs the show.
He's got lots of pep and he makes things go.

160. STYLE ALL THE WHILE

They say that..... He ain't got no style. He's style all the while, He's style all the while. They say that..... He ain't got no style. He's style all the while, all the while.

2
Aint' got no pep;
Got pep every step.

3
Ain't got no smile;
He smiles all the while.

4
Can't make no speech;
He can make a peach.

161. TO THE JOY BRINGER

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic."
Key: B Flat

You've smiled when days were sunny and
You've smiled when days were gray;
You've made folks mighty happy
As you've traveled on life's way.
And so this happy song we sing,
To you, good friend and true:
"Just as you've smiled on other folks,
May good fortune smile on YOU."

162. COME OVER AND PLAY WITH
ME

Tune: "Red Wing."

O, little boys, come over and play with
me;
Come, bring your dollies three,
Climb up my apple tree;
Holler down my rain barrel,
Slide down my cellar door,
And we'll be jolly friends
Forevermore.

163. BOOSTER! BOOSTER!

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic."
Key: B Flat

Booster, booster, be a booster!
Yell and holler like you usher.
Booster, booster, be a booster
For dear old —. [Crow like rooster.]

164. HAIL!

O, hail, —, hail! Hail, —, hail!
The — the best of all the rest,
Our praises never fail.

O, hail, —, hail! Hail, —, hail!
Our friend the best of all the rest,
Our praises never fail.

O, hail, —, hail! Hail, —, hail!
The President best of all the rest,
Our praises never fail.

165. YOU'RE A GOOD SPORT

Mis - ter , here's to you; You're a good sport through and through;
 And we know what you can do, You bet we do.

166. HELLO! HELLO!

1 2 3 4
 Hello! hello! hello! hello! We're glad to meet you,
 1 2 3 4
 We're glad to greet you! Hello! hello! hello! hello!

NOTE.—This is to be sung in four groups, sounding the notes in diatonic chord. The first group begins and holds its "Hello" until all the rest have sounded their "Hellos." Some very beautiful harmony may be obtained. The larger the groups, the better. Hold the last series of "Hellos," letting the harmony fade out softly.

167. GOOD NIGHT

Tune: Same as "Hello."

Good night! good night! good night!
 good night!

May angels guard you,
 Be kind toward you!

Good night! good night! good night!
 good night!

Good-by! good-by! good-by! good-by!
 We're sorry you're leaving,
 We'll all be grieving,

Good-by! good-by! good-by! good-by!

168. ECHO SONG

Little Sir Echo, how do you do?
 Hello! (Hello!) Hello! (Hello!)
 Little Sir Echo will answer you,
 Hello! (Hello!) Hello! (Hello!)
 Hello! (Hello!) Hello! (Hello!)

Won't you come over and play? (and
 play?)

You're a dear little fellow,
 We know you by your voice,
 But you're always so far away (away).

NOTE.—Two groups sing this song, one group singing the echoes indicated.

169. HOWDY

Tune: "Lieber Augustine."

O, when we are together, together, together,
 No matter what the weather,

Or what time of day;

Let's grab a hand and shake it, and shake
 it, and shake it,
 And as for greeting make it
 That good old-time way.

170. HAIL! HAIL!

Hail! hail! The gang's all here;
 Never mind the weather,
 We are here together.
 Hail! hail! The gang's all here,
 We're here for a good time now.

171. GOING TO CRY

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne."

Mr. ——'s going to cry,
 Mr. ——'s going to cry;
 He's got a pain in his ptomaine,
 And that's the reason why.

172. PUT IN THE PEP

Tune: "Come to See Miss Jenny and Jones."

Hello, Mr. ——, ——, ——,
 Hello, Mr. ——, a speech you're going to
 make;
 Put in all the pep you can, pep you can,
 pep you can,
 Put in all the pep you can, and then we'll
 keep awake.

173. THAT'S HOW I NEED YOU

Tune: "That's How I Need You."

Like a baby needs tobacco,
 Like a blind man needs a book;
 Like a drowning man needs water,
 Like a Wall Street needs a crook;
 Like Rockefeller needs a million
 To pay his rent when due,
 Like an Eskimo needs ice cream,
 That's how I need you.

174. O FRIEND OF MINE

Tune: "Sweet Adeline."

O friend of mine, dear friend of mine,
 We'll stand as one in rain or shine,
 Each night and day we'll always say,
 "You're the friend of every one,
 O friend of mine."

Dear friend, good night; the hour is late,
 The silvery moon shines o'er the lake;
 And when you're gone, we'll miss you too;
 You're a fine old pal; good night,
 Dear friend, to you.

175. WE'RE GLAD YOU'RE HERE

Tune: "Yankee Doodle."

O ——, we're glad you're here,
 We're glad that we can meet you;
 And when you come again this way,
 We'll all be glad to greet you.

176. HOW, HOW, HOW D'YE DO?

Tune: "Row, Row, Row."

How, how, how do you do?
 How, my friend, are you?
 I'm glad to say I'm fine to-day;
 I trust that you are too.

177. YOU'RE A DANDY

Tune: "Reuben, Reuben."

—, you're a dandy,
 And when you are old and gray,
 We will serve you 'lasses candy
 On a lovely golden tray.

—, you're a wonder,
 And when you are old and gray
 We will all say, "Yes, by thunder,
 You were some boy in your day."

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
 All good children go to heaven;
 When they get there they will scream,
 "—, you're a dream."

When they get there they will shout,
 "—'s a fine old scout."

When we get there we will yell,
 "—, don't he look swell?"

178. PRAISES RINGING

Tune: "Boolah, Boolah."

—, —,
We are singing, praises ringing,
We shall never find your equal;
—, here's to you.

179. WE'RE GLAD TO SEE YOU HERE

Tune: "Farmer's in the Dell."

We're glad to see you here;
It gives us joy and cheer,
Sure it's true; we say to you,
We're glad to see you here.

180. STAND UP, STAND UP

Tune: Chorus to "My Bonnie."

Stand up! Stand up! Stand up, —,
Stand up, Stand up!
Stand up! Stand up! Stand up, —,
Stand up!
2. Sit down! 3. Shut up! 4. Sing a song!
5. Tell a joke, etc.

181. GIVE HIM A HAND

Tune: "Shine Song." *Key: F.*

Give him a hand to-night, give him a hand;
That man's a speaker, boys, best in the land.
He sure can tell 'em, boys, to beat the band;
The bestest speech I ever heard,
Give him a hand.

182. O LAD OF MINE

Tune: "Sweet Adeline." *Key: B Flat*

O lad of mine,
O lad of mine,
We'll stand as one,
In rain or shine;
Each night and day
I'll always say,
"You're the best lad in the world,
O lad of mine."

NOTE.—Call name and then sing. May sing "lass" instead of "lad." Makes good campus song. Group of girls surround some boy in ring, holding hands. March around him singing this song. Or boys may surround girl in same fashion. "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" may be used in the same fashion.

183. THAT'S —

Tune: "Peggy O'Neil." *Key: C.*

If he has a winsome smile,
That's — —!
If he has a taking style,
That's — —!
If he walks like a man of affairs,
If he talks like a fellow who cares,
Sweet personality, mighty mentality,
That's — —!

184. TO A BALD HEAD

Tune: "My Old Kentucky Home."

The sun shines bright on —'s unlucky dome,
'Tis summer when flies are a fright;
By 'n by, toupees come a-knockin' at the knob,
Then my old unlucky dome, good-night!
Weep no more, my coco; O weep no more to-day;
We will sing one song for —'s unlucky dome,
For it's "going, going, gone!" far away.

185. ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Tune: "Good-By, My Lover, Good-By."

Here comes the boat around the bend,
Good-by, my lover, good-by;
Our year is drawing to the end,
Good-by, my lover, good-by.

There's — —, our President,
Good-by, my lover, good-by;
Was always loved where'er he went—
Good-by, my lover, good-by.

And — —, who served as Vice, etc.,
Has always been extremely nice, etc.

And — —, our Treasurer gay,
Has always had a taking way.

Our Secretary was a bird,
Writing down whatever she heard.

The Superintendents were full of fun,
They always finished what they'd begun.
We wish them all the best of luck,
They worked while we just "passed the buck."

New officers, we say to you,
Hello, my lover, hello;
We're going to work to help put it through.
Let's go, O Leaguers, let's go.

Chorus

Bye-o, my baby; bye-o, my baby;
Bye-o, my baby; good-by, my lover,
good-by.

Last verse

Let's go, O Leaguers; let's go, O Leaguers;
Let's go, O Leaguers; let's go, O Leaguers,
[Shout] LET'S GO!

186. MARY HAD A LITTLE SMILE

Tune: "*Mary Had a Little Lamb.*"

— had a little smile,
And O how it did grow;
And everywhere that — went,
The smile was sure to go.

187. HERE COMES —

O here comes..... O how in the world do you know? You tell him by the
win-n-ing smile He has on all the while, hal ha! He has on all the while.

188. YOU'RE A FRIEND OF MINE

Key: F

Hel-lo....., you're a friend of mine, Hel-lo....., you're a friend of mine,
With your hand in your pock-et, And your lit - tle chain and lock-et;
Hel-lo....., you're a friend of mine, And he lives down in our al - ley.

189. AULD LANG SYNE

Parody

Lest old acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind,
We'll sing a song of friendship now
For auld lang syne.

For Leaguers far and Leaguers near,
For Leaguers everywhere,
We'll sing a song of friendship now
For Leaguers everywhere.

190. O ME, O MY!

(Substitute name as desired.)

O me, O my, we'll get there by and by! If
 O my, O me, our hearts are full of glee! If
 an - y - bod - y here likes....., it's I, I, I, I, I.
 an - y - bod - y here likes....., it's we, we, we, we, we.

191. OKOBONI SONG

Um - pa, um - pa, um - pa, um - pa, Kil - ley, kil - ley, kil - ley,
 Wash, wash, wash, wash, Kee-up, kee - up, kiow - y; Kil - ley, kil - ley, kil - ley, kil - ley,
 Wash, wash, wash, wash, Kee-up, kee - up, kiow - y, Hail.....O
 hail to thee our...., Hail....., Our hearts are ev - er true to thee.

Um-pa, um-pa, um-pa, um-pa. [Repeat from beginning.]

NOTE.—Boys sing "Um-pa" down to "Hail," when they sing in unison with the girls. Sing through twice, the second time all singing four "um-pas" and a final "Um-m-m-m-m" to close the song. The girls do not begin singing until after the fourth "Um-pa."

192. START IT WITH A SMILE

Tune: "Leave Me with a Smile."

Key: E Flat

When it's time for meeting and the friendly greeting,

Start it with a smile;

What's the use of sighing? Send all gloom a-flying,

Start it with a smile.

And while we're together, always fair the weather,

Sunshine all the while;

Ev'ry song we sing just makes the rafters ring—

Start it with a smile.

193. GIVE US A SPEECH

Tune: "Here Comes the Bride."

Give us a speech, make it a peach;
 Let it be brief, brother; let it be bright.

But be a sport and cut it short:
 To-morrow I work—I must sleep some to-night.

194. WE'RE SORRY

Tune: "Blest Be the Tie."

We're sorry you're going away,
 We wish that you would stay,
 We surely will miss you,
 We wish we could kiss you,
 We're sorry you're going away.

195. AULD LANG SYNE

Join hands and sing

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind,
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days of auld lang syne?

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

Should Mister — be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 We'll tell the world right on this spot,
 We think he's mighty fine.

Chorus

Should Mister — be forgot,
 In your heart and in mine,
 When fellowship and smiles have brought
 Such charms of auld lang syne?

Let's clasp our hands and make a vow
 That we will e'er hold dear
 The memory of this friendship now
 So warmly welded here.

196. TO THE LADIES

Tune: "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here."

Wail! Wail! The girls [our wives] are here,
 Let's be awfully quiet,
 Can the usual riot.
 Male! Male! Your time is near,
 Let's sneak out the back door now.

197. ALL HAIL HER!

Key: G.

O here's to —! All hail her! hail her!
 hail her!
 There's nothing that she cannot do;
 She's got the spirit, the kind that never
 fails her;

She's proved it, too.
 She's the kind of Leaguer that's always
 on the top.
 She's always on the job, and you can
 never make her stop.
 O, here's to, etc. [Repeat first two lines.]

198. PUT ON THE SOFT PEDAL

Key: G.

Put your foot on the soft, soft sh pedal
 —sh, sh,
 Don't make any noise;
 For there's some one here who's not come
 to meddle,
 But add to our joys.
 O —, we're fond of you,
 You're a good sport, through and through,
 Put your foot on the soft, soft sh pedal—
 sh, sh,
 Don't make any noise.

199. OUR HEARTS TO YOU

Tune: "Nut Brown Maiden." *Key: C.*

O —, our hearts to you, our hands to
 you;
 O —, our hearts and hands to you.
 We pledge ourselves to your success,
 Our love for you will ne'er grow less.
 O —, our hearts to you, our hands to
 you;
 O —, our hearts and hands to you.

200. WE'LL CHEER

Tune: "By the Light of the Moon." *Key:**B Flat*

We'll cheer for —,
 We'll cheer for —.
 We'll cheer, cheer, cheer; we'll cheer for
 —!
 And because she is so fine,
 We'll cheer her all the time,
 We'll cheer, cheer, cheer for —.

201. GOOD MORNING

Tune: "Good Morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip."

Good morning, Mister —,
With your heart just as good as gold.
Good morning, Mister —,
Our love to you will ne'er grow cold.
Others may come and others may go,
But we'll hold on to you, for we love you
so.

Good morning, Mister —,
With your heart just as good as,
I say it's just as good as,
Your heart is just as good as gold.

202. I'D LIKE TO BE A FRIEND OF YOURS

I'd like to be a friend of yours,
Um-m and a little bit more;
I'd like to be a pal of yours,
Um-m and a little bit more.
I'd like to be a little flower,
A-bloomin' round your door;
Then I'd have all that's comin' to me,
Um-m and a little bit,
Um-m and a little bit,
Um-m and a little bit more.

203. ROAMIN' THROUGH THE COUNTRY

Tune: "Roamin' in the Gloamin'."

Roamin' through the country,
We have all come from afar,
Roamin' through the country,
We have come and here we are.
We want to know each one,
There'll be joy and friends and fun.
Howdy do, folks! We are glad to meet
you.

204. HE'S A SIGHT!

Tune: "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here."

Hail! hail! —'s a sight!
Don't you think he's all right?
Don't you think he's all right?
Hail! hail! —'s a sight,
But we say that he's ALL RIGHT.

205. THAT'S —!

Tune: "Peggy O'Neil."

If she eats pie with her knife,
That's —.
Can't shut up to save her life,
That's —.
You should hear her inhaling her soup;
She makes music like having the croup;
And when she eats noodles,
She plays Yankee Doodles,
For that's —.

206. WE'RE GLAD

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne."

We're glad, so glad, so very glad,
We're glad you're glad we're here;
We're glad, so glad, so very glad,
We're glad you're glad we're here.
Since you are glad and we are glad,
And everybody's gay,
We'll take our hats right off to you,
Because we feel that way.

207. GOOD EVENING

Tune: "Good Morning, Mr. Zip."

Good evening, friends and delegates,
With your faces shining bright as mine.
Good evening, friends and delegates,
You're surely looking fine!
We may not know just who is who,
But we're mighty glad to be here with
you. *
Good evening, friends and delegates,
With your faces shining bright as,
A smile that's just as broad as,
On a face that's shining bright as mine.

208. HERE'S TO —

Tune: "Auch du Lieber Augustine."

O, here's to Mr. —, Mr. —, Mr. —,
O, here's to Mr. —, who's with us to-
night.
God bless him, we love him,
God bless him, we love him.
O, here's to Mr. —, who's with us to-
night.

209. YOU'RE A WINNER

Tune: "Reuben, Reuben"

O —, you're a winner,
 And we love you more each day;
 If you should go away and leave us,
 We would simply pass away.

210. WE'LL SING HIS FAME

Tune: "Wearin' of the Green."

O, here's to —;
 You surely know his name,
 Through all the coming ages
 We will sing of his great fame.

He's the finest in creation,
 We love him through and through.
 So here's to —;
 To him we will be true.

211. LITTLE RED BOX

Tune: "Polly Wolly Doodle."

O, I wish I had a little red box
 To put Mister — in;
 I'd take him out and [clap hands together
 three times],
 And put him right back again.

NOTE.—Other motions may be substituted for the
 clapping.

CAMP SONGS

212. IT IS NOT RAINING RAIN TO ME

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne."

It is not raining rain to me: it's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see wild flowers on the hills.
The clouds of gray engulf the day and overwhelm the town;
It is not raining rain to me: it's raining roses down.
It is not raining rain to me, but fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee can find a bed and room.
A health to him who's happy, a fig for him who frets;
It is not raining rain to me: it's raining violets.

213. WE'RE HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME

Tune: "O How I Love Jesus," with change in rhythm

We hate to get up when the bugle blows,
But we jump out of bed and we throw on our clothes.
We're having such a good time, good time,
We're having such a good time.

Chorus

We're having such a good time, good time,
We're having such a good time, good time;
We're having such a good time, good time,
We're having such a good time.

The most popular place is the dining hall;
We're all on the job when we hear the call.
We're having such a good time, good time,
We're having such a good time.

We go to class and we learn a lot,
Some things we remember and some things not, etc.

We hike, and swim, and sing, and play;
It's a jolly bunch, all happy and gay, etc.

At night we're sorry to hear taps blow;
That means to bed, and we don't want to go, etc.

At last comes the time when we must part;
We'll weep and wail, for it breaks our heart, etc.

214. WAY DOWN THE ROAD

Tune: "Swanee River." Key: G.

Way down the road at —,
Not so far away,
There's where we camp and have a good time,
There's where we love to stay.
O the nights are dark and dreary,
Skeeters won't let me alone.
Of scratching skeeter bites I'm weary,
From my tootsies to my collarbone.

215. MARCHING ON GEORGIA

Tune: "Marching Through Georgia."
Key: G.

Georgia was a little girl who lived in Tennessee;
She had a ticklish feeling on her ankle and her knee.
Upon investigation, found a chigger and a flea—
Hot dog! They were marching on Georgia!

Chorus

"Hurrah! Hurree!" said the chigger to the flea;
"Hooray! Hurree!" said the chigger to the flea;
"You bite her on the ankle and I'll bite her on the knee,
And, boy, we'll go marching on Georgia."

216. SCRATCH, SCRATCH, SCRATCH

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

Scratch, scratch, scratch, the bugs are biting;

Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the finger nail, you can grab them by the tail,
And can land them in their everlasting home.

[*Shout:*] SCRATCH, SCRATCH!

Scratch, scratch, scratch, the bugs are biting;

Cheer up, comrades, I've caught one;
And we'll pull his teeth all out, and we'll punch him in the snout,
And he'll never bite a camper any more.

[*Shout:*] SCRATCH, SCRATCH!

217. WE ARE BOOSTERS

Tune: "Around Her Neck She Wore a Yellow Ribbon."

We are boosters for —,
We boost her in the winter and the summer,

So we do.

And if you ask the reason why we do it,
We'll tell you that we're proud of her,

And love her too.

—! —!

She's the best of all campers that we know;
She is the kind that always likes to do things,

And always strives to keep her heart aglow.

NOTE.—Insert name of person or group. Repeat the last four lines for a chorus. A good effect can be obtained by having two groups. When the fourth line from the end is reached, one group sings the name of the person or organization and the other repeats it. Thus it is sung four times here.

218. THERE IS A PLACE

Tune: "There Is a Tavern in Our Town."

There is a place called — Camp,
And there in summer time we go, we go,
And of good times we have our fill;
At — Camp we always will.

There is singing, cheering, greeting,
Lovely friends we're sure of meeting;
There are songs, stunts, and pageants
To fill all our day.

Toot-toot! There goes the old Camp train, Camp train;
Honk-honk! An auto on its way, on its way.

Hurrah! We're at the camp once more;
Hurrah! We're campers to the core.

219. MOSQUITO

Tune: "Marchita."

Mosquito, mosquito,
O, while you are asleep
I am happy as happy can be.
When you are humming, I know you are coming,
And that you are looking for me.
Mosquito, mosquito,
Do light on your feet.
Your song causes many a frown;
It doesn't annoy me to have you light on me—
But, my goodness, when you sit down!

220. AROUND THE CAMP FIRE

Tune: "Lux Eoi," in Methodist Hymnal

Now the sun is slowly sinking o'er the waters dark and deep,
And our hearts are heavenward turning to our Master ere we sleep.

While the hush of summer twilight steals upon our spirits here,
Wilt thou, Lord, descend among us, let us feel thy presence near?

For the day and all its pleasures, grateful
thanks we render now;
May our lives pass on thy blessing none
could give to us but thou?
May each camper come to know thee as
his strong, abiding Friend?
May we in our hearts determine we will
serve thee to the end?

221. MY MISERY (THE HIKER'S HYMN)

Tune: "My Rosary."

O every hour when I'm awake,
I find I have a brand-new ache;
It seems as though my back would break.
My misery! My misery!

Each ache a twinge, each twinge a pain,
I ache, and ache, and ache again;
I can tell each time it's going to rain.
My misery!

O agony! Ill Fortune's frown!
O muscles sore! O aching bones!
I am so stiff I can't sit down,
Give me some Sloan's liniment!
Give me some Sloan's!

222. AROUND THE CORNER

Around the corner and under the tree,
A sergeant major (pretty maiden) said
to me,
"Who would marry you, I would like to
know?
For every time I look at your face, it
makes me want to go
Around the corner," etc.

NOTE.—This is one of those never-ending songs
which a group sings until it is howled down. It may
be relayed back and forth between the boys and
girls, first one group and then the other singing
around to "Who would marry you?"

223. IN THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS

Tune: "In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia."

In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia
Stood a cow on a railroad track.
She was a nice old cow with eyes so fine,
But you can't expect a cow to read a rail-
road sign;
So she stood in the middle of the track.
The train hit her right in the back;
Now her horns are in the mountains of
Virginia,
And her tail's on the lonesome spine.
S-P-I-N-E—Backbone.

224. REUBEN AND RACHEL

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
What a queer world this would be,
If the men were all transported
Far beyond the Northern Sea.

Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking,
If the girls were all transported, etc.

Reuben, Reuben, etc.,
Life would be so easy then;
What a lovely world 'twould be,
If there were no tiresome men.

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking,
If we went beyond the seas,
All the men would follow after
LIKE A SWARM OF BUMBLEBEEES.

Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking,
If we went beyond the seas,
All the girls would follow after
Like a swarm of HONEY bees.

225. WHEN THE CAMP FIRE'S LIT

Tune: "Just a Song at Twilight."

Just a song at twilight,
When the camp fire's lit,
And amid the shadows
All the campers sit;
When the stars shine o'er us,
Happy mem'ries throng,
As we sing the chorus,
Sing each old song,
Sing each old, sweet song.

226. GINGER UP

Tune: "Jingle Bells."

Ginger up, ginger up,
Never wear a frown;
Trot your mile and wear your smile,
And help the one who's down.
Ginger up, ginger up,
Always keep in step;
Never fear, but raise a cheer,
That's the old-time pep.

227. EARLY IN THE MORNING

Tune: "Turkey in the Straw."

Very early in the morning we hop right
out of bed,
Jump into our bathing suits, and cool our
lazy heads;
And if — isn't looking we swim a little
more,
And then we wait till afternoon and swim
again at four.

Chorus

When we're asleep we want to sleep;
Don't you dare wake us for a thing but
to eat;
So turn off the lights and don't you dare
peep,
Or we'll make you jump the hurdles at
our next track meet.

228. YAWNING

Tune: "Roaming in the Gloaming."

Yawning in the morning
When the breakfast bell we hear;
Yawning in the morning
When our sleep is very dear,
And when we are fully dressed,
And we think we look our best,
Still we go on yawning in the morning.

229. SPRING-A-LING-LING

Tune: "Sing-a-ling-a-ling."

The beds at camp they spring-a-ling-ling,
On them we love to lie.
The girls at camp they sing-a-ling-ling
When the stars are in the sky.
O skeeters, we've felt thy sting-a-ling-ling,
We've seen thee with our eye.
To spring-a-ling-ling,
To sing-a-ling-ling,
To sting-a-ling-ling,
Good-by.

The bells at camp they ring-a-ling-ling,
On them we can't rely.
The girls at camp they sing-a-ling-ling,
They pitch their voices high.
O bees, we've felt thy sting-a-ling-ling,
We've seen our hands swell high.
To ring-a-ling-ling,
To sing-a-ling-ling,
To sting-a-ling-ling,
Good-by.

230. BUG SONG

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the bugs are
marching,
Up and down the tent they go;
Some are green and some are black,
And of spiders there's no lack,
And the daddy-longlegs they go marching
too.

231. HURRAH! HURRAH!

Tune: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

We are the good old — bunch,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We have the brains, the pep, the punch,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We are the bunch you all adore,
We'll make you love us more and more.
And you'll all feel gay
When you see us come marching in;
And you'll all feel gay
When you see us come marching in.

NOTE.—Substitute the name of some person and use as greeting. Begin this way: "And there's Mr. —, we've got a hunch, Hurrah! hurrah!"

232. CAMP DAYS

Tune: "Ain't Gonna Rain No More."

All winter long the days drag on,
And then I nearly die;
But when I spend a week at camp
The days go flying by.

I sought a spot in the cool green woods
To escape the mosquito war;
But the next day what do you think I
found?
A poison ivy scar.

At meal times I am almost starved,
The hours between are long;
Yet every time I take a bite
Somebody starts a song.

233. OUR CAMP

Tune: "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean."

O Mr. Gallagher, O Mr. Gallagher,
Have you heard the talk about our sum-
mer camp?
I have often heard it said
That at six they rise from bed,
And at once begin a three-mile morning
tramp.

O Mr. Shean, why, Mr. Shean,
You talk as if you think I'm mighty
green,

But I'll tell you where to go,
When the city's dead and slow—
O —, Mr. Gallagher?—
You said a mouthful, Mr. Shean.

234. HAIL! HAIL! THE CAMPERS
ARE HERE

Hail! hail! The campers are here!
You don't find them pouting,
But you hear them shouting.
Hail! hail! The campers are here!
Can't you hear them yelling now?

235. THE BEST BUNCH

Tune: "Turkey in the Straw."

O, the — bunch is the truest and the
best;
They keep things going and they never
take a rest.
And they have one yell, and they yell it
all together,
And it goes like this: — FOREVER.

236. BEDS

Tune: "Smiles."

There are beds that make us cozy,
There are beds that make us cold,
There are beds that never make us sleepy,
There are beds we sleep in hours untold,
There are beds that make us get up early,
There are beds that make us get up late.
But the beds we love to lie and dream in
Are the beds at old —.

237. THE LONG, LONG NAIL

Tune: "Long, Long Trail."

There's a long, long nail a-grinding
Up through the sole of my shoe,
And it's ground its way into my foot
For a whole mile or two.
There's a long, long hike before me,
And what I'm dreaming about
Is the time when I can sit me down
And pull that long nail out.

238. GREEN WORM

Tune: "Long, Long Trail."

There's a long, green worm a-winding
 Upon the roof of my tent;
 And the rising bell is ringing,
 And it's time for me to went.
 There's some cold, cold water waiting
 For me to take a morning dip;
 So when I return I'll find that worm
 Upon my pillow slip.

239. LONG TRAIL

Tune: "Tipperary."

It's a long trail we're going over,
 It's a long trail to go;
 It's a long trail we're going over,
 But it's a grand old camp, we know.
 With spizzerinktum and lots of ginger,
 We'll hit the old trail, you bet;
 It's a long, long trail we're going over,
 But we're going to get there yet.

240. SUNBURN SONG

Tune: "When You Wore a Tulip."

When I wore a sunburn, a great big red
 sunburn,
 And you wore a soft silk shirt;
 When you caressed me, I hollered: "O,
 bless me,
 You've no idea how that hurt."
 Of sunburn I'm weary, of blisters I'm
 skeery,
 The skin's peeling off my nose;
 I can't sleep on my shoulders,
 My bed's full of boulders,
 I feel like last summer's rose.

241. HOT DOG

Tune: "K-K-Katy."

H-h-hot dog, h-h-h-hot dog,
 You're the only kind of grub that I
 adore.
 When they s-s-s-sizzle over the camp fire,
 You can p-p-p-put me down for a dozen
 more.

242. VESPER SONG

Tune: "Juanita."

Now in the evening,
 As the day draws to its close,
 When lies all nature
 In a calm repose,
 For all Epworth Leaguers,
 Though some be near, some far away,
 In humble thanks for blessing
 Open our hearts, we pray.

Chorus

Father, loving Father,
 Grant us strength that we may do
 Service meet for the Master,
 Living high and true.

243. IN THE EVENING

Key: G.

In the evening by the moonlight
 You can hear those Leaguers singing;
 In the evening by the moonlight,
 —, your praises ringing,
 We have loved you while we've been here,
 We shall miss you when we leave you,
 So we'll sing in the evening by the moon-
 light.

244. HAPPY DAYS

Tune: "At Dawning." Key: B Flat

Happy days at summer camp,
 I love you;
 When the hills lure me to tramp,
 I love you;
 Hiking, swimming, camp fires all,
 Make me want you past recall,
 And when evening shadows fall
 I love you, I love you.

245. O MISTER MOON

Tune: "Mister Moon."

O Mister Moon, Moon, bright and silvery
 Moon,
 Won't you please shine down on me?
 O Mister Moon, Moon, bright and silvery
 Moon,
 Hiding behind that tree,

All these campers are telling you
To —— they'll ever be true;
O Mister Moon, Moon, bright and silvery
 Moon,
Won't you please shine down on—
Please shine down on—
Please shine down on me?

246. PACK UP YOUR WIENERS

Tune: Pack Up Your Troubles."

Pack up your wieners in your old knap-sack,
 And hike, hike, hike;
Put in a bite of bread or old hard-tack,
 Marshmallows, if you like.
What's the use of worrying?
 All cares are out of sight,
SO pack up your wieners in your old knap-sack,
 And hike, hike, hike.

247. AND WHEN

Tune: "If I Had a Faith Like Noah's.""
And when we come to ——,
 I'll tell you what we'll do:
We'll just shake hands with every one,
 And say "How do you do-do-do?"

Chorus

Sing, Leaguers, sing; sing, Leaguers, sing;
Let your voices ring, let them ring, ring,
 ring.
And when we hear that dinner bell,
 I'll tell you what we'll do:
We'll just eat up that good old food,
 As fast as we can chew, chew, chew,
 chew.

And when we go to bed at night,
 We'll tell you what we'll think:
We'll hope those old mosquitoes
 Won't crawl through every chink,
 chink, chink.
And when we leave this dear old camp,
 We'll tell you what we'll do:
We'll sit right down on the railroad track,
 And cry boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo.

248. YAWNING IN THE MORNING

Tune: "Roaming in the Gloaming.""

Yawning in the morning,
 When the cowbell gives its roar:
We've only had two hours of sleep,
 And we would have some more.
O, we wish we'd gone to bed
 When the sun was setting red,
Then we wouldn't be
 Yawning in the morning.
 [*Retard and yawn.*]

Yawning in the morning,
 When the rising bell is rung;
Yawning in the morning,
 When the day is just begun.
How I wish I'd gone to bed
 When the sun was setting red,
O—it's awful to be
 Yawning in the morning.

249. THEY GO WILD

Tune: "They Go Wild Over Me.""

They go wild, simply wild over me;
They go mad, just as mad as they can be;
No matter where I'm at,
All the chiggers, lean and fat,
The tall ones, the small ones—
 I scratch them off like that.

Every night, how they fight over me,
They just run from my head down to my
 knee;
Though I use some salty grease,
I can never rest in peace—
 They go wild, simply wild over me.

250. OUR CAMP

Tune: "America the Beautiful.""

We're thankful for the skies of blue,
 The breeze that whispers low,
For hill and dale, and winding trail,
 And lake that we love so.
O ——, our praise to thee,
 We love thy beauties grand,
For wondrous flowers and sunny hours
 Are brightest in thy land.

251. JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT

Just a song at twilight,
As the sun sinks low,
And the friends we've met here
Make our glad hearts glow.
Happy hearts now singing,
In our memories long
Will remain the hours
Spent here in song,
Spent here in joyful song.

252. SUMMER CAMP

Tune: "Funicula" or "Jingle Bells."
Summer camp, summer camp, echo it
afar,
Summer camp, summer camp, tra-la-la-la-
la;
Come along, laugh a song—ha, ha, ha, ha,
We're here at —, and we're mighty
glad we are.

253. YOUNG FOLKS, OLD FOLKS

*Tune: "Missouri Mule" or "The Spider
and the Spout."*
Young folks, old folks, everybody come,
Come to —, make yourself at home.
Please check your troubles and worries at
the door
And you'll have the best of times
That you never had before.

First you have a dip and you're feeling
just fine,
Then you hear the whistle and you fall
into line.
Then we have flag-raising and breakfast
too,
Then back to camp where there's plenty
to do.

When we have inspection, we're sure we'll
win a prize—
Along comes a guy with high-powered
eyes.
He finds something out of place or a pin
upon the floor,
And we've got more demerits than we
ever had before.

In the afternoons we row or hike or have
a little swim,
Baseball, volleyball, and games we play
with vim.
At night around the camp fire we have a
lot of fun,
We're a tired and happy bunch when'e'er
the day is done.

254. O YE CAMPERS

Motion Song
Tune: "Johnny Schmoker."

O ye campers, O ye campers,
Do you have a morning dip?
Yes, we have a morning dip.
Splash! splash! splash! splash! This is our
dip!
[*Gesture as if diving.*]

O ye campers, O ye campers,
Do you have a flag-raising?
Yes, we have a flag-raising.
S'lute! s'lute! s'lute! s'lute! This is flag-
raising.
Splash! splash! splash! splash!
S'lute! s'lute! s'lute! s'lute! This is flag-
raising.
[*Hand raised quickly in salute.*]

Do you have inspection?
Look! look! look! look! This is inspection
[*Look through rings made by first finger
and thumb of each hand.*]
[*Repeat all the other motions as above.*]

Do you have a morning swim?
Swim! swim! swim! swim! This is our
swim!
[*Motion of arms as if doing breast stroke.*]
[*Repeat all motions that have gone before.*]

Do you have a good time rowing?
Pull! pull! pull! This is our rowing.
[*Motion as if rowing boat.*]
[*Repeat all that has gone before.*]

Do you have good eats for dinner?
Bread and beans! This is our dinner.
[*Rub stomach.*]
[*Repeat all that has gone before.*]

Do you have a quiet hour?
Sh! sh! sh! This is our quiet hour.
[Finger pointed in warning.]

Do you have a good time?
Ha! ha! ha! This is our good time!

[Repeat all the gestures from the beginning, ending with "Ha! ha! ha! this is our good time."]

255. GOOD NIGHT

Tune: "Mighty Lak a Rose."

Come closer still and linger by the fire-light's glow,
While we softly sing our lullabies of long ago;
Out in the night the moonbeams bid the stars adieu,
And send a silvery message, just a sweet good night to you.

The day is almost over, we have had our fun;
Under nature's cover we've watched the setting sun.
Then saw the little stars above twinkle into sight,
So now to you we give our best, "A silver-lined good night."

256. REST

Tune: "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes."

When the sun is sinking to rest,
The evening shadows fall,
Across the silence of the lake
We hear the cricket's call.
So let us, too, the silence keep
And softly steal away,
To rest and sleep until the morn
Brings forth another day.

257. TAPS

Day is done, gone the sun, From the lake, from the hills,
from the sky; All is well, safe - ly rest; God is nigh

Fading light dims the sight,
And a star gems the sky, gleaming bright.
From afar drawing nigh,
Falls the night.

Then good night, peaceful night,
Till the light of the dawn shineth bright;
God is near, do not fear—
Friend, good night.

Dear one, rest! In the west
Sable night lulls the day on her breast;
Sweet, good night; now away
To thy rest.

Love, sweet dreams; lo, the beams
Of the light, fairy moon kiss the streams;
Love, good night! Ah, too soon!
Peaceful dreams!

Good night! We must part.
God keep watch o'er us all through the night.
We shall meet with the morn—
Good night.

Fades the light, and afar
Goeth day, cometh night. And a star
Leadeth all, speedeth all.
To their rest.

258. SING-A-LING-A-LING

(On "ting-a-ling-a-ling" tap on tumblers with spoons or clap hands.)

O let your voice ring, ting - a - ling - a - ling, We have the gang all here; Let's
 see how we can sing - a - ling - a - ling, It gives us all good cheer; O
 make the wel - kin ring - a - ling - a - ling, For those we hold most dear, And
 help our voic-es bring a - ling-a - ling, Good Leaguers, far and near.

259. RUN ALONG HOME

Now run along home and jump into bed; | Just one more thing I ask you to do:
 Say your prayers and cover your head. | You dream of me and I'll dream of you.

AT THE TABLE

260. WAITER, WAITER

Tune: "Jada, Jada."

Waiter, waiter waiter won't you wait on me?
Waiter, waiter, waiter, won't you wait on me?
Pass around the chicken or some other kind of fowl,
I'm so blooming hungry I could eat a Turkish towel;
Waiter, waiter waiter, won't you wait on me?
First I want some chicken, then I want a little roast;
Waiter, I'm so hungry I could eat dry toast.

261. CHEW!

Round

Tune: "Row, Row, Row Your Boat."

Chew, chew, chew your food
Gently through the meal;
The more you chew, the less you'll eat,
The better you will feel.

262. WHAT YOU WAITIN' FOR?

Tune: "Ain't Gonna Rain No More."

You ain't gonna eat no more,
You ain't gonna eat no more—
What in the world you waitin' for?
You ain't gonna eat no more.

263. PACK UP YOUR DISHES

Tune: "Pack Up Your Troubles."

Pack up your dishes on your pantry shelves,
And smile, smile, smile.
While we are eating we enjoy ourselves,
Smile, folks, that's the style.
What's the use of washin' 'em
It never was worth while, SO
Pack up your dishes on your pantry shelves
And smile, smile, smile.

264. MEAT'S ALL GONE

Tune: "Hail, Hail."

Hail! hail! the meat's all gone;
What'll be the next course,
What'll be the next course?
Hail! hail! The meat's all gone;
What'll be the next course NOW?

265. WHEN DO WE EAT?

Tune: "Gasoline."

When do we eat? When do we eat?
I like my beans done nice and brown,
I like my eggs turned upside down.
When do we eat? When do we eat?
[Shout:]
HONEST, I AM ALMOST STARVED—
When do we eat?

266. ATE A LITTLE MARMALADE

*Tune: "The Spider and the Spout" or
"Here We Are."*

Ate a little marmalade, ate a little jam,
Ate a little jelly, ate a little ham;
U-u-up came the marmalade,
U-u-up came the jam,
U-u-up came the jelly,
U-u-up came the ham.

267. THE OLD DUCK

Tune: "Turkey in the Straw."

O there was an old duck
And she had a web foot,
And she made her nest in the mulberry root;
And she tucked up the leaves for to keep herself warm—
But another piece of pie won't do us any harm.

268. GOOD-BY, DINNER

Tune: "Good Night, Ladies."

Good-by, dinner; good-by, dinner; good-by, dinner;
 We're going to eat you now.
 Merrily we chew along, chew along, chew along,
 Merrily we chew along, dinner's mighty fine.

269. GLAD I COME

Tune: "Turkey in the Straw." Key: G.

How do you do; who are you?
 I'm the guy that ate the pie;
 Now I feel it in my "tum,"
 O how glad I am I come.

270. THE MOSS-COVERED ONION

Tune: "Moss-Covered Bucket."

How dear to my heart is the loud-smelling onion
 Which restaurant keepers provide at each meal,
 The color of silver, the size of a bunion,
 With night-blooming corns wrapped up in each peel.
 It stings like a skeeter, it burns like an ember,
 And smells like a horse that is silent in death;
 And yet with affection and love we remember
 The early spring onion that scented our breath.

The loud-smelling onion, the sweet-perfumed onion,
 The Lubin-like onion that clings to your breath.

You drown it with beefsteak, you boil or you bake it,
 But still it retains its malodorous charm;
 And after you've done all you can to forsake it,
 It clings to you fervently, fearing no harm.

Though dangers o'ertake you and troubles awake you,

At home or abroad, on land or at sea,
 The scent of that onion forever will make you

Desert all your friends or they will shake you.

That moss-covered onion, that iron-bound onion,
 That old "gamey" onion that clings to you still.

271. I WANT A CHICKEN SANDWICH

Tune: "Arkansaw Traveler." Key: B Flat

I went into a restaurant and this is what I cried:

"I want a chicken sandwich, cup o' coffee, piece o' pie."

And this the song you'll always hear me singin' till I die:

"I want a chicken sandwich, cup o' coffee, piece o' pie."

272. SOUP! SOUP!

Tune: "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here."

SOUP! SOUP! We all want SOUP!

Needn't stop to strain it (Tip your bowl and drain it).

Hark! hark! the funny noise,
 Listen to the gurling, boys.

FISH! FISH! We must have FISH!

We don't want it bony,

Nor a little phony.

Fresh fish, we won't eat stale—
 Any kind of fish but whale.

MEAT! MEAT! Bring on the MEAT!

Fresh and juicy cow meat,

Ham and pickled pigs' feet,

Lamb chops and pork chops, too—

Any kind of meat will do.

HASH! HASH! Bring on our HASH!
 Stop your hesitating,
 We are tired of waiting.
 HASH! HASH! Bring on your HASH!
 Sprinkle out the whole works now.

PIE! PIE! We want our PIE!
 Coconut and cherry,
 Peach and huckleberry;
 Mince pie is mighty fine (Mince pie and
 apple, too)—
 That's the way —— dine. (Any kind of
 pie will do.)

273. BISCUITS

Tune: "K-K-K-Katie."

B-b-b-biscuits, ——'s biscuits,
 You're the only f-f-f-food that we adore.
 When the b-b-b-bell rings at our meal-
 time,
 B-biscuits, please come through the k-k-k-
 kitchen door.

274. WE ARE TABLE ONE

Tune: "We Won't Go Home Until Morning."

We are table ONE, we are table ONE,
 We are table ONE, and the fun has just
 begun.

We are table TWO, we are table TWO,
 We are table TWO, and now our chow we
 chew.

[*Each table in turn takes it up and makes
 its own couplet.*]

275. A LITTLE CHICKEN

Tune: "Turkey in the Straw." Key: A Flat
 O, I had a little chicken,
 And she wouldn't lay an egg;
 So I poured hot water up and down her
 leg.
 O, the little chicken cried and the little
 chicken begged;

Then the little chicken laid—
 A hard-boiled egg.

O, there was another chicken,
 And she had a wooden leg;
 The best little hen that ever laid an egg;
 She laid more eggs than any on the farm,
 But a little more chicken
 Don't do us any harm.

Then there was another chicken
 In our back yard;
 She never laid an egg, but she tried awful
 hard.
 Then the preacher came around the folks
 for to see;
 And that old hen entered—
 The ministry.

276. WAITING FOR BREAKFAST

Tune: "Tipperary."

It's a long time to wait for breakfast
 Though it's not far to go!
 It's a long time to wait for breakfast,
 And we're hungry, don't you know?
 Hurry up there, ——,
 Don't stop to curl your hair!
 It's a long, long time to wait for breakfast,
 And my heart's right there.

277. GOOD EVENING, MR. SOUP

Tune: "Good Morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip."

Key: G.

Good evening, Mr. Soup, Soup, Soup,
 You taste about as good as ink;
 Good evening, Mr. Soup, Soup, Soup,
 You're awful weak, we think.
 Yesterday they made you into a stew,
 To-day you come back to us and taste
 like glue.
 Good evening, Mr. Soup, Soup, Soup,
 You taste about as good as—
 You taste about as good as—
 You taste about as good as ink.

278. WE'RE GOING

Tune: "Old Black Joe." Key: G.

We're going! we're going!
Our evening meal is o'er;
Please do not drop your chairs
Or bang them on the floor.

279. THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO
SAY

Tune: "Farmer's in the Dell."

There's nothing more to say,
There's nothing more to say;
Don't ask me why—I must reply,
There's nothing more to say.

280. CHICKEN

Tune: "America." Key: G.

My chicken, 'tis of thee,
Sweet bird with gravy,
Of thee I sing.
I love thy breast and wings,
Back, legs, and other things,
I love thy sweet stuffings,
All but the neck.

281. SOME SANDWICH

Tune: "Ain't Gonna Rain No More."

Mary had a little lamb,
Now the poor lamb is dead.
And Mary takes the lamb to school
Between two slabs of bread.

Mary had a little lamb,
You've heard this tale before;
But have you heard she passed her plate,
And had a little more?

282. THERE ARE EATS

Tune: "Smiles."

There are eats that make us happy,
There are eats that make us chew,
There are eats that take away our pleasure,
Such as hash and pork and beans and
stew;
There are eats that give us indigestion,
There are eats that put us all to bed,
But the eats that make us all so happy
Are the eats that we've just been fed.

HYMNS

283. OUR YOUTH TO THEE

Tune: "Dort."

Our youth to thee we bring,
O Gracious Saviour, King;
Guide thou our feet,
Then all the coming years
Shall know no dismal fears;
And though it brings its tears,
Life will be sweet.

Our minds to thee we bring
O glorious Christ, our King.
Help us to learn
The truth that makes men free,
The truth that leads to thee,
The truth that is to be,
For which men yearn.

Our hearts to thee we bring,
O loving Jesus, King,
To crown thee there.
Beside thy blood-stained cross
Life's pleasures turn to dross;
We too would know the loss
That love must dare.

Our wills to thee we bring,
O mighty Christ, our King,
To make them thine.
We dare not choose our way,
Lest we should miss the day.
O hear each as we pray,
"Thy will be mine."

Thus all to thee we bring,
O Conquering Christ, our King,
For service true.
We would help thee to win
Our world from blight of sin,
Made strong without, within,
Thy will to do.

—*Mrs. Frank Siler.*

284. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

Tune: "Nicæa."

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise
to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity.

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns
around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down be-
fore thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt
be. —*R. Heber.*

285. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING

Key: E Flat

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give ev'ry flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

—*Annie L. Walker.*

286. BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS

Tune: "Dennis."

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

—John Fawcett.

**287. O MASTER, LET ME WALK
WITH THEE**

O Master, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me thy patience! still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

—Washington Gladden.

**288. STAND UP, STAND UP FOR
JESUS**

Tune: "Webb."

Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

—G. Duffield, Jr.

289. HE LEADETH ME

He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Chorus

He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

—Joseph H. Gilmore.

290. JESUS CALLS US

Tune: "Wilmot."

Jesus calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow me!"

Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call:
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all!

—Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

291. TAKE MY LIFE, AND LET IT BE

Tune: "Consecration."

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.
Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

—F. R. Havergal.

292. JUST AS I AM, THINE OWN TO BE

Tune: "Woodworth."

Just as I am, thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

—C. Elliott.

293. STILL, STILL WITH THEE

Tune: "Consolation."

Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with thee.

—H. B. Stowe.

294. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

—W. W. Walford.

295. BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE

Break thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page
I seek thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for thee,
O living Word!

Bless thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me, to me,
As thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-All.

—Mary A. Lathbury.

296. WHERE HE LEADS ME

I can hear my Saviour calling,
I can hear my Saviour calling,
I can hear my Saviour calling,
"Take thy cross and follow, follow me."

Refrain

Where he leads me I will follow,
Where he leads me I will follow,
Where he leads me I will follow,
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

He will give me grace and glory,
He will give me grace and glory,
He will give me grace and glory,
And go with me, with me all the way.

—J. S. Norris.

297. IN THE GARDEN

I come to the garden alone,
While the dew is still on the roses;
And the voice I hear,
Falling on my ear,
The Son of God discloses.

Chorus

And he walks with me, and he talks with
me,
And he tells me I am his own;
And the joy we share, as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

He speaks, and the sound of his voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing,
And the melody
That he gave to me
Within my heart is ringing.

I'd stay in the garden with him,
Though the night around me be falling,
But he bids me go;
Through the voice of woe
His voice to me is calling.

—C. Austin Miles.

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298. ROCK OF AGES

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;

In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

—Augustus M. Toplady.

299. GIVE OF YOUR BEST TO THE MASTER

Give of your best to the Master;
Give of the strength of your youth;
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ardor
Into the battle for truth.
Jesus has set the example;
Dauntless was he, young and brave;
Give him your loyal devotion,
Give him the best that you have.

Refrain

Give of your best to the Master;
Give of the strength of your youth;
Clad in salvation's full armor,
Join in the battle for truth.

Give of your best to the Master;
Give him first place in your heart;
Give him first place in your service,
Consecrate every part.
Give, and to you shall be given;
God his beloved Son gave;
Gratefully seeking to serve him,
Give him the best that you have.

Give of your best to the Master;
Naught else is worthy his love;
He gave himself for your ransom,
Gave up his glory above:
Laid down his life without murmur,
You from sin's ruin to save;
Give him your heart's adoration,
Give him the best that you have.

—Mrs. Charles Barnard.

GRACES FOR THE TABLE

300. *Tune: "Jesus Calls Us."*

MORNING

Gracious Giver of all good,
Thee we thank for rest and food;
Grant that all we do or say
In Thy service be this day.

NOON

Father, for this noonday meal
We would speak the praise we feel;
Health and strength we have from Thee;
Help us, Lord, to faithful be.

EVENING

Tireless Guardian of our way,
Thou hast kept us well this day;
While we thank Thee, we request
Care continued, pardon, rest.

301. *Tune: "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me."*

Heavenly Father, kind and good,
Thanks we offer for this food;
For Thy love and tender care,
For the blessings that we share;
Now to Thee our voices raise
In a hymn of grateful praise. Amen.

302. *Tune: "Sun of My Soul."*

For food and health and happy days,
Accept our gratitude and praise;
In serving others, Lord, may we
Repay our debt of love to Thee.

303. *Tune: "Lord, Speak to Me."*

We thank Thee, Lord, for daily bread;
As by Thy grace our souls are fed;
Grant us to grow more like to Thee
This day and through eternity.

304. *Tune: "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."*

Thou of life the Fountain Head,
By Thy hand must we be fed;
As we bow in gratitude,
Lord, we thank Thee for this food.

Thou art great and Thou art good,
And we thank Thee for this food;
By Thy hand must we be fed;
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

305. *Tune: "America."*

O Father of us all,
To bless this food this day
On Thee we call.
Our thanks we offer Thee
For grace and bounty;
Help us to-day that we
Give Thee our all.

306. *Tune: "Old Hundred."*

(One or more stanzas may be used.)

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored.
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with Thee. Amen.

Lord Jesus, be our holy Guest,
Our morning Joy, our evening Rest;
And with our daily bread impart
Thy love and peace to every heart. Amen.

We thank Thee for the morning light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For everything Thy goodness sends.
Amen.

OLD SONGS

307. MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND

Round de meadows am a-ringin'
De darky's mournful song,
While de mocking bird am singing,
Happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am a-creeping,
O'er de grassy mound,
Dar old Massa am a-sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

Chorus

Down in de corn field
Hear dat mournful sound;
All de darkies am a-weeping:
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

308. DARLING NELLY GRAY

There's a low, green valley on the old
Kentucky shore,
Where I've whiled many happy hours
away,
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cot-
tage door
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

Chorus

O my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken
you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping
all the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky
shore.

309. ANNIE LAURIE

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true;
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,

That e'er the sun shone on;
And dark blue is her e',
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

310. WEARING O' THE GREEN

O Paddy, dear, and did you hear the news
that's going round?
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow
on Irish ground.
Saint Patrick's day no more we'll keep,
his color can't be seen,
For there's a bloody law agin' the wearing
o' the green.
I met with Napper Tandy an' he tuk me
by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor ould Ireland,
and how does she stand?"
"She's the most distressful country that
ever you have seen;
They're hanging men and women there
for wearing o' the green."

311. LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy
throng,
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet
song.
And in the dusk, where fell the firelight
gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Chorus

Just a song at twilight, when the lights
are low,
And the flick'ring shadows softly come
and go;
Though the heart be weary, sad the day
and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old
song,
Comes love's old sweet song.

312. O SUSANNA

Moderately

1. I came to Al - a - ba - ma wid My ban - jo on my knee, I'm
 2. I had a dream de od - der night, When eb - 'ry thing was still; I
 3. I soon will be in New Or - leans, And den I'll look all 'round, And

goin' to Lou - 'si - an - a, My true love for to see. It
 thought I saw Su san - na A - com - ing down de hill. De
 when I find Su-san - na, I'll fall up - on de ground. But

rain'd all night de day I left, De weath - er it was dry, De sun so hot I
 buck-wheat cake was in her mouth, De tear was in her eye; Says I, I'm com - ing
 if I do not find her, Dis dark - ie'll sure - ly die; And when I'm dead and

CHORUS

froze to death; Su - san - na don't you cry.
 from de south, Su - san - na don't you cry. O Su - san - na, O don't you cry for
 bur - ied, Su - san - na don't you cry.

me, For I goin' to Lou - 'si - an - a wid my ban - jo on my knee.

me, For I goin' to Lou - 'si - an - a wid my ban - jo on my knee.

313. THE QUILTING PARTY

The musical score for 'The Quilting Party' consists of three staves of music. The first two staves are in common time (4/4), and the third staff is in common time (2/4). The lyrics are as follows:

In the sky the bright stars glit - tered, On the bank the pale moon shone.
 And 'twas from aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par - ty I was see - ing Nel-lie home.

The score concludes with a 'FINE' at the end of the third staff.

CHORUS (starts on the third staff):
 I was see - ing Nel - lie home, I was see - ing Nel - lie home;

D. S. al Fine (at the end of the chorus staff):

314. WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE

I wandered to-day to the hill, Maggie,
 To watch the scene below,
 The creek and the old rusty mill, Maggie,
 Where we sat in the long, long ago.
 The green grove is gone from the hill,
 Maggie,

Where first the daisies sprung;
 The old rusty mill is still, Maggie,
 Since you and I were young.

And now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
 The trials of life nearly done,
 Let us sing of the days that are gone,
 Maggie,
 When you and I were young.

315. JUANITA

Soft o'er the fountain, ling'ring falls the southern moon;
 Far o'er the mountain breaks the day too soon!

In thy dark eyes' splendor, where the warm light loves to dwell,
 Weary looks, yet tender, speak their fond farewell.
 Nita! Juanita! Ask thy soul if we should part!
 Nita! Juanita! Lean thou on my heart.

316. THE U. S. A. FOREVER

Tune: "Dixie." *Key: C.*

Come, all who live in the U. S. A.,
 Join in our song and sing to-day;
 Work away, work away, for the land of the free.
 United, firm, with every State,
 To make a nation good and great,
 Work away, work away, for the land of the free.

Chorus

The U. S. A. forever, hurray; hurray!
 The Stars and Stripes shall wave above
 the U. S. A. forever!
 Hurray! hurray! the U. S. A. forever!

The North and South, the East and West,
We love them all, for all are best;
Work away, work away, for the land of
the free.

United States and hearts and hands
Will make the greatest of all lands;
Work away, work away, for the land of
the free.

317. LONG, LONG AGO

Moderately

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;
2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go?
3. Tho' by your kindness my fond hopes were rais'd, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go,

FINE

Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Ah yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
You by more el - o - quent lips have been prais'd, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

D.S.-Let me be - lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
D.S.-Still my heart treas-ures the prais-es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
D.S.-Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

D. S.

Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved, Let me for- get that so long you have rov'd,
Then, to all oth-ers, my smile you preferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
But by long absence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac-cent-s I lis-ten with pride,

318. NINETY-NINE MILES FROM HOME

(Count one less each repetition.)

1. I'm nine - ty - nine miles from home, I'm nine - ty - nine miles from home;
I walked a - while, sat down a - while, I'm nine - ty - eight miles from home.

319. SAILING

Sail-ing, sail-ing, o-ver the bound-ing main, For man-y a storm-y
 wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a-gain! Sail-ing, sail-ing, o-ver the
 bounding main, For man-y a storm-y wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a-gain!

320. THREE CROWS

(It is the custom for some one to "line" each stanza before it is sung.)

Largo.

1. There were three crows sat on a tree, And they where black as crows could be.
 2. Said one old crow un-to his mate, "What shall we do for grub to eat?"
 3. "There lies a horse on yon-der plain, Who's by some cru-el butch-er slain."
 4. "We'll perch up-on his bare back-bone, And pick his eyes out one by one."

321. THE SPANISH CAVALIER

A Spanish Cavalier stood in his retreat,
 And on his guitar played a tune, dear;
 The music so sweet would oftentimes repeat
 The blessing of my country and you,
 dear.

Chorus

O say, darling, say, when I'm far away,
 Sometimes you may think of me, dear;

Bright sunny days will soon fade away,
 Remember what I say, and be true,
 dear.

I'm off to the war, to the war I must go,
 To fight for my country and you, dear;
 But if I should fall, in vain I would call,
 The blessing of my country and you,
 dear.

And when the war is o'er, to you I'll return,
Again to my country and you, dear;

But if I should be slain, you may seek me in vain—
Upon the battle field you will find me.

322. SANTA LUCIA

With swinging motion.

CHORUS



323. WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

Gaily.

1. When Johnny comes march-ing home a - gain, Hur - rah! Hur - rah!
 We'll give him a heart - y wel - come then, Hur - rah! Hur - rah!
 The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The la - dies they will
 all turn out, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home!

2. The old church bell will peal with joy,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!

To welcome home our darling boy,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!

The village lads and lassies gay
 Will scatter roses by the way,
 And we'll all feel gay,
 When Johnny comes marching home!

3. Get ready for the jubilee,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!

We'll give the hero three times three,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 The laurel wreath is ready now
 To place upon his loyal brow,
 And we'll all feel gay,
 When Johnny comes marching home!

324. THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

Key: A Flat

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my
 childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them
 to view;
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-
 tangled wildwood,
 And every loved spot which my in-
 fancy knew!
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill
 that stood by it,
 The bridge and the rock where the
 cataract fell;
 The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh
 it,
 And e'en the rude bucket that hung in
 the well.

Chorus

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
 bucket,

The moss-covered bucket that hung in the
 well.

325. OLD BLACK JOE

Key: D.

Gone are the days
 When my heart was young and gay;
 Gone are my friends
 From the cotton fields away;
 Gone from the earth
 To a better land, I know—
 I hear their gentle voices calling,
 "Old Black Joe."

Chorus

I'm coming, I'm coming,
 For my head is bending low;
 I hear those gentle voices calling,
 "Old Black Joe."

ROUNDS

To sing a round divide into four groups. Group one starts singing and sings the first phrase before group two begins. Group two reaches that point before three begins, and so on. It should be definitely understood how many times the round is to be sung. Usually each group should sing the song three times. It would be well for a leader to indicate to each group when to begin.

326. COME TO LEAGUE

Tune: "Row, Row, Row Your Boat."

Come, come, come to League,
Bring your chum along;
A happy crowd, a snappy crowd,
The League—I'm for it strong.

327. CHEER UP

Tune: "Are You Sleeping?"

Key: G.

Cheer up, —, cheer up, —,
Smile awhile, smile awhile,
It isn't going to hurt you;
'Tisn't going to hurt you,
Ha, ha, ha; ha, ha, ha.

330. ARE YOU SLEEPING?

1 2 3

Are you sleep-ing, are you sleep-ing? Brother John! Brother John! Morning bells are
ring - ing, morn - ing bells are ring - ing; Ding, ding, dong, ding, ding, dong.

Frere Jacques, Frere Jacques,
Dormez vous, dormez vous?

| Sonnez les matines, sonnez les matines,
Bim, bim, bom, bim, bim, bom!

331. LITTLE TOMMY TINKER

1 2

Lit - tle Tom-my Tink - er was burnt by a clink - er, And he be - gan to

3 4

cry, "Ma! Ma!" Poor lit - tle in - no - cent boy.

NOTE.—As each group sings "Ma!" they rise from their seats and throw hands high, bouncing back in their seats and up again for the second "Ma!"

332. ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT

1

Row, row, row your boat Gen - tly down the stream;
Mer - ri - ly, Life is but a dream.

2

333. GOOD NIGHT

1

Good - night to you all, and sweet be thy sleep; May an - gels a -
round you their si - lent watch keep, Good-night,good-night,good-night, good-night.

2

3

334. THE BELL IS RINGING

1 *Lively*

Hark! the bell is ring - ing, Call - ing us to
Hark! the bell is ring - ing, Call - ing us to
Hark! hark! the bell is ring - ing, sing - ing, Hear the cheer-ful lay; Come, come, come a - way!
sing - ing, Hear the cheer-ful lay; Come, come, come a - way!
Call - ing us to sing - ing, Come, come, come a - way!

335. SCOTLAND'S BURNING

2

Scot-land's burn - ing, Scot - land's burn - ing, Look out, look out!

3 4

Fire, fire, fire, fire! Pour on wa - ter, pour on wa - ter.

336. ANIMAL FAIR

S.

I went to the an - i - mal fair, The birds and beasts all were there. The

old rac-coon, by the light of the moon, Was comb-ing his au - burn hair. The

mon - key he got drunk, And climbed on the el - e - phant's trunk. The

el - e - phant sneezed and fell on his knees, And that was the end of the

D. S.

monk, the monk. I

NOTE.—One section sings the entire verse. As soon as they reach "the monk, the monk" the next section starts in at the beginning, while the first section continues to sing "the monk, the monk." So it does with each succeeding section, all sections singing "the monk, the monk" until the last section has finished. It may be sung by a quartet or by four or more sections.

337. SWEETLY SINGS THE DONKEY

1 2

Sweet- ly sings the don - key at the break of day; If you do not feed him,

3

This is what he'll say: "Hee - haw! hee-haw! Hee - haw! hee - haw! hee - haw!"

338. BLACK-EYED SUSAN

Tune: "Are You Sleeping?"

Black-eyed Susan! Black-eyed Susan!

How you are? How are you?

Very well, I thank you; very well, I thank
you.

How are you? How are you?

339. PERFECT POSTURE

Tune: "Are You Sleeping?"

Perfect posture! Perfect posture!

Do not slump, do not slump;

You must grow up handsome,
You must grow up handsome,
Hide that hump! Hide that hump!

340. UNCLE JACOB

Tune: "Are You Sleeping?"

Uncle Jacob, Uncle Jacob,
Smoked his pipe, smoked his pipe,
While the girls were eating, while the girls
were eating
Pumpkin pie! Pumpkin pie.

NOTE.—Each group keeps repeating "Pumpkin
pie!" until the last group is through.

SPIRITUALS

341. MY SINS ARE TAKEN AWAY

Libero

1. My Lord's done just what He said.
My Lord's done just what He said,
2. Some these days, it won't be long,
Some these days, it won't be long.

Cho.—All my sins, (all my sins,) are tak-en a-way, (are tak-en a-way,)

FINE

My Lord's done just what He said.
My Lord's done just what He said,
Some these days, it won't be long,
Some these days, it won't be long,

All my sins, (all my sins,) are tak-en a-way, (are tak-en a-way,)

My Lord's done just what He said, Healed the sick and raised the dead,
Some these days it won't be long, Go-in' home to sing my song,

All my sins are tak-en a-way, Glo-ry! glo-ry! I am saved;

D. C. for Chorus

All my sins are tak-en a-way, tak-en a-way.
All my sins are tak-en a-way, tak-en a-way.

(85)

342. I AIN'T GWINE STUDY WAR NO MORE

down!

Leader



1. Gwine to lay down my bur - den, Down by the riv - er - side,
 2. Gwine to lay down my sword an' shiel', Down by the riv - er - side,
 3. Gwine to try on my long white robe, Down by the riv - er - side,
 4. Gwine to try on my star - ry crown, Down by the riv - er - side,

Down!



Down by the riv - er - side, Down by the riv - er - side,
 Down by the riv - er - side, Down by the riv - er - side,
 Down by the riv - er - side, Down by the riv - er - side,
 Down by the riv - er - side, Down by the riv - er - side;



Leader

Down!



Gwine to lay down my bur - den, Down by the riv - er - side, to
 Gwine to lay down my sword an' shiel', Down by the riv - er - side, to
 Gwine to try on my long white robe, Down by the riv - er - side, to
 Gwine to try on my star-ry crown, Down by the riv - er - side, to

REFRAIN

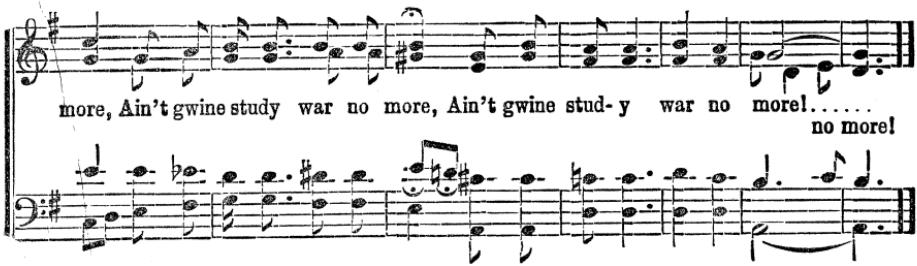


stud - y war no more. I ain't gwine stud - y war no more, Ain't gwine study war no



more, Ain't gwine stud - y war no more, Ain't gwine stud - y war no
 stud - y war no more,





343. SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Hum.....

Chorus

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - in' fo' to car - ry me home,
Hum.....

Leader

Chorus

Fine

Hum..... Hum.....
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - in' fo' to car - ry me home.

Hum..... hum.....

Leader

Chorus

1. I looked o - ver Jor-dan and what did I see, Com-in' fo' to car - ry me home,
2. If you get there be - fore I do, Com-in' fo' to car - ry me home,
3. The bright - est day that ev - er I saw, Com-in' fo' to car - ry me home,
4. I'm some-times up and some- times down, Com-in' fo' to car - ry me home,

Leader

Chorus

A band of an - gels com - in' aft - er me, Com - in' fo' to car - ry me home.

Tell all my friends I'm com - in' too, Com - in' fo' to car - ry me home.
When Je-sus wash'd my sins a - way, Com - in' fo' to car - ry me home.
But still my soul feels heav'n - ly bound, Com - in' fo' to car - ry me home.

344. THE OLD ARK'S A-MOVERING

O the old ark's a - mov - er - ing, a - mov - er - ing, a - mov - er - ing,

The old ark's a - mov - er - ing, And I'm going home, O the I'm going home.

1. See that sis - ter dressed so fine? She ain't got
 2. See that broth - er dressed so gay? Death's goin' to
 3. See that sis - ter com - ing so slow? She wants to go to
 4. Th' ain't but the one thing grieves my mind; Sis - ter's gone to

D. C. Sing before 1st and after 4th stanza

Je - sus in her mind. Th' old ark she reeled, The
 come for to car - ry him a - way. Th' old ark she reeled, The
 heav'n 'fore the heav - en doors close. Th' old ark she reeled, The
 heav'n and a left me be - hind. Th' old ark she reeled, The

old ark she rocked, Old ark she land - ed on the moun - tain top.

345. GOIN' TO SHOUT ALL OVER GOD'S HEAVEN

Joyfully, but not too fast

1. I've got a robe, you've got a robe, All of God's chil-dren got a robe;
 2. I've got a crown, you've got a crown, All of God's chil-dren got a crown;
 3. I've got a shoes, you've got a shoes, All of God's chil-dren got a shoes;
 4. I've got a harp, you've got a harp, All of God's chil-dren got a harp;
 5. I've got a song, you've got a song, All of God's chil-dren got a song;

When I get to heav - en, goin' to put on my robe, Goin' to
 When I get to heav - en, goin' to put on my crown, Goin' to
 When I get to heav - en, goin' to put on my shoes, Goin' to
 When I get to heav - en, goin' to play on my harp, Goin' to
 When I get to heav - en, goin' to sing a new song, Goin' to

REFRAIN

shout all o - ver God's heaven.
 shout all o - ver God's heaven.
 walk all o - ver God's heaven. Heaven,* heaven, ev- 'ry -bod-y's talk-ing 'bout
 play all o - ver God's heaven.
 sing all o - ver God's heaven.

heav-en ain't go-ing there, Heaven, heav - en, Goin' to shout all o - ver God's

D. C. *Ending for last stanza* *Repeat pendosi*

Heav-en, heav - en, *p* Goin' to shout all o - ver God's heav - en.

*End "heaven" with a humming sound

346. LORD, I WANT TO BE A CHRISTIAN

1. Lord, I want to be a Chris - tian In a my heart, in a my
 2. Lord, I want to be more lov - ing In a my heart, in a my
 3. Lord, I want to be more ho - ly In a my heart, in a my
 4. I don't want to be like Ju - das In a my heart, in a my
 5. Lord, I want to be like Je - sus In a my heart, in a my

REFRAIN

In a my heart,..... In a my heart,.....
 In a my heart,..... In a my heart,.....

Lord, I want to be a Chris - tian In a my heart.

YELLS

347

Yell _____!
Spell _____!
Be _____!

And SMILE! SMILE! SMILE!

348

Rickety, rickety, riff-raff!
Chickety, chickety, chaff-chaff!
Riff-raff, chaff-chaff!
Let's give 'em the horse-laff—
Haw! haw! haw!

349

Hum-ma, hum-ma, hum-ma-ma,
_____ wants their hum-ma-ma;
Hush little _____, don't you cry.
You may do better by and by.

350

Giggle, giggle,
Haw! haw! haw!
Wiggle, wiggle,
Guess what we saw—

All the other _____s sitting in the hay,
Along came _____ and scared them all
away.

351

Oysters, oysters, raw! raw! raw!
_____, haw! haw! haw!

352

Strawberry shortcake,
Eskimo pop;
Junior Leaguers
Always on top.

353

With a vivo, with a vivo, with a vivo,
vivo, yum,
We're just as sure as sure can be
That _____ in the stars shall be
With a vevo, vivo, yum.

354

Who's gonna win, win,
Who's gonna win, win,
Who's gonna win, win, wow?
We're gonna win, win.

We're gonna win, win,
We're gonna win, win—how?
Easy!
Who said so?
Everybody!
Who is everybody?
Athens!

355

Rattle on a tin can,
Shinney up a tree,
_____, _____, teedle, dedle, dee!

356

Chicalacker, chickalacker,
Chow, chow, chow;
Boomerlacker, boomerlacker,
Bow, wow, wow!
Sis boom, sis boom, sis boom bah,
_____, _____, rah, rah, rah!
Standin' on the head,
Standin' on the feet,
_____, _____, can't be beat!

357

Agriculture, horticulture,
Hard bed of straw,
_____, _____, saw, cow, saw!

358

Watermelon, watermelon,
Watermelon rind;
Look on the score board and
See what you find—
_____, _____, leading the line;
_____, _____, lagging behind!

359

Rah bica, bah bica, bing bang, buff,
_____, _____, she's the stuff!

360

Nails and tacks, rails and cracks,
_____ Leaguers are crackerjacks.

361

Rickety, rickety, rickety racks,
Shingle nails and carpet tacks.
We're the people, we're the stuff,
_____, _____, that's enough.

362

Boll-weevil, boll-weevil, cotton! cotton!
cotton!

363

P-E-P, that spells pep,
That's where _____ gets her rep.

364. TO A LATE RISER

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shiny head and said,
"Ain't you shamed, you sleepy head?"

[Shaming gesture with fingers.]

365

_____, sitting in a chair,
Dealing out nothing but free hot air.

366

One voice: Everybody HAPPY?
All: Well, I should say!
Leader: Anybody DOWNHEARTED?
All: N-O, No.
Leader: Let's hear the lion roar!
All: Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r.
Leader: Let's hear the dog bark!
All: Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow.

Leader: Let's hear the cat meow!

All: Meow, meow, meow, meow—psst!

Leader: Let's hear the donkey bray!

All: Haw-he, haw-he, haw-he.

Leader: Let's hear the rooster crow!

All: Ur-ur-ur-ur-ur-r-r-r-r-r.

Leader: Let's hear the duck quack!

All: Quack, quack, quack, quack.

Leader: Let's hear the eagle scream!

All: Ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee!

367

With a vevo! with a vivo!

With a vevo! vivo! vum!

Johnnie, get a rat-trap bigger than a cat-trap;

Johnnie, get a cat-trap bigger than a rat-trap.

Hannibal! Cannibal! Sis! boom! bah!

_____, _____, _____.

Rah! rah! rah!

368. NIGHTHAWK

[Chant slowly at first, swaying body from side to side rhythmically. Repeat in fast time without the swaying motion, and end, "____! _____! Rah! Rah! Rah!"]

Nighthawk! Rock salt _____!

Nighthawk! Rock salt _____!

369. SKYROCKET

Sis—Boom-m-m-m!

[Whistle]—A-a-ah!

_____!

370

[To be used preceding No. 367.]

Once I heard my grandmother say
That _____ was coming this way,
With a vevo! etc.

371

Barney Google, Andy Gump!

We've got (opponent's name) up a stump!

O Min! O Min!

372

Hi, _____! Hi, _____!
Hi! hi! hi! _____!

373

Rickety Bus Garoo,
Rickety Bus Garoo,
Every time he starts a thing
He puts it through.
Who?

[Name] _____!

Who?

[Name] _____!

374. HELLO

Hey, _____!
Hey, _____!
Hello! hello! hello!

375

Howdy do, howdy do,
Howdy, _____,
How are you?

376

Og, gee whiz, og gee whiz,
That yell sounds like an old tin liz.

377

We're too busy trying to chew, chew,
chew,
Ain't got time to squeal like you.

378

Well, if you're going to shout, shout, shout,
We'd like to know what it's all about.

379

Whoa-up, whoa-up, whoa-up there;
NOW they're yelling—
Well, I declare.

380

Hi, there, _____;
Listen now, we'll cheer for you,
Yea-a-a, _____.

381

Tutti-frutti, Punch and Judy,
_____ will do her duty.
Don't you worry, don't you fret,
_____ will get there.

382

Strawberry shortcake, blackberry pie—
Will we be there? Aye, aye, aye.

383

Rip-saw, rip-saw, rip-saw, BANG!
We belong to the _____ gang.
Are we in it? I should smile.
We've been in it for a long, long while.

384. HO-YAH

Ho-yah! ho-yah!
Chu, chu! rah, rah!
Chu, chu! rah, rah!
Ho-yah! ho-yah!
_____! _____! _____!

MISCELLANEOUS

385. MY NEW SILK HAT

Tune: "Funiculi, Funicula."

The other day I wore into the subway,
 My new silk hat,
 My new silk hat.
I put it down upon the seat beside me,
 My new silk hat,
 My new silk hat.
A big fat lady came and sat upon it,
 My new silk hat,
 My new silk hat.
A big fat lady came and sat upon it,
 My new silk hat,
 My new silk hat.

Christopher Colombo, what d'ye think of
 that?

Christopher Colombo, what d'ye think of
 that?

 My hat she broke,
 Now what's the joke?
 My hat she broke,
 Now what's the joke?

Christopher Colombo, what d'ye think of
 that?

386. IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE

In the shade of the old apple tree
Sat young Tom and his sweetheart Marie,
And the bird in the boughs,
As they made their fond vows,
Said: "Their words sound familiar to me.
It seems that I have heard them before,
Though 'twas not to each other they
 swore;
But it's all right, of course,
For it's all apple sauce,
In the shade of the old apple tree."

387. A BIG RED ROSE

Tune: "Funiculi, Funicula."

The other day I called upon my girl and
 took her

 A big red rose,
 A big red rose.

She looked at it, showed me the door, and
 then she turned up

 Her pretty nose,
 Her pretty nose.

I love her, O, I love her, how I love her,
 My goodness knows,
 My goodness knows.

My heart, with agitated palpitation,
 With love o'erflows,
 With love o'erflows.

Christopher Colombo, what d'ye think of
 that?

Christopher Colombo, what d'ye think of
 that?

 She spurned my rose,
 Turned up her nose;
 She spurned my rose,
 Turned up her nose.

Christopher Colombo, now, what d'ye
 think of that?

[*Variety can be introduced into the singing of this song by having the boys in one group and the girls in another. When the singers come to "She spurned my rose," let the boys sing that. Then the girls sing "Turned up her nose," suiting the action to the words.*]

388. THE GUM-CHEWING GIRL

Tune: "The Old Oaken Bucket"

The gum-chewing girl and the cud-chew-
 ing cow
Are somewhat alike, yet different some-
 how.

What is the difference? O yes, I see
 now—

'Tis the thoughtful expression on the face
 of the cow.

389. I'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD

I've been workin' on the railroad
 All the livelong day,
I've been workin' on the railroad,
 Just to pass the time away.

Don't you hear the whistle blowin'?
 Rise up so early in the morn;
 Don't you hear the captain shoutin'?
 Dinah, blow your horn!

390. BOLOGNA SONG

Tune: "Pop Goes the Weasel."

A Hebrew and two Irishmen, once in
 search of recreation,
 Took enough provisions along to spend a
 vacation.

They got lost way out in the woods,
 It was dark and lonely.
 All their food gave out except
 A piece of bologna.

One man shouted, "I've got a knife, but
 it's no use of carving;
 If we do, there is not enough to keep us
 from starving."

"I suggest we all go to bed.
 Then," said Pat Mahoney,
 "He who has the nicest dream,
 He wins the bologna."

They all got up the very next morn at a
 quarter after seven.

One man said: "I dreamed that I died,
 then went up to heaven.

I swept through the beautiful gates,
 Riding on a pony.

You can't beat a dream like that,
 So I win the bologna."

His friend said: "I dreamed that I died
 from overeating;

I went up to heaven myself. O, what a
 greeting!

Old Saint Peter smiling said:
 'How are you, Maloney?'

You can't beat a dream like that—
 I win the bologna."

Levi said: "I'll have to admit I know you
 aren't lying.

I dreamed that the both of you died—O,
 how I was crying!

You went up to heaven and then,
 While I felt so lonely,
 I dreamt you weren't coming back,
 So I ate the bologna!"

391. I'VE GOT A FORD

Tune: "Reuben, Reuben."

I've got a Ford, and it's a wonder,
 It will give you shakes and thrills.
 It will go right down the valley,
 If you push it up the hills.

392. THE FORD SONG

Tune: "All in a Wood There Was a Tree."

Now on the ground there were some
 wheels,
 The finest wheels you ever did see.
 The wheels were on the ground,
 And the engine made the wheels go
 around, around, around,
 And the engine made the wheels go
 around.

Now on those wheels there was a Ford,
 The rattlingest Ford you ever did see.
 The Ford was on the wheels, the wheels
 were on the ground,
 And the engine made the wheels go
 around, around, around,
 And the engine made the wheels go
 around.

And on that Ford there was a seat,
 The bouncingest seat you ever did see.
 The seat was on the Ford, the Ford was
 on the wheels, the wheels were on the
 ground,
 And the engine made the wheels go
 around, around, around,
 And the engine made the wheels go
 around.

And on that seat there was a girl,
 The sweetest girl you ever did see.
 The girl was on the seat, the seat was on
 the Ford, the Ford was on the wheels,
 etc.

And on that girl there was a hat,
 The niftiest hat you ever did see.
 The hat was on the girl, the girl was on
 the seat, etc.

And on that hat there was a flower,
The prettiest flower you ever did see.
The flowers was on the hat, etc.

And on that flower there was a bee,
The busiest bee you ever did see.
The bee was on the flower, etc.

And on that bee there was a flea,
The tiniest flea you ever did see.

The flea was on the bee, the bee was on
the flower, the flower was on the hat,
the hat was on the girl, the girl was on
the seat, the seat was on the Ford, the
Ford was on the wheels, the wheels were
on the ground—

And the engine made the wheels go
around, around, around,
And the engine made the wheels go
around.

*[All together at the close on "Honk! de
onk onk! Honk! Honk!"]*

393. HI-O-THE-CHEERIO!

Tune: "Hi-Ho-the-Merrio."

I wake up each morning singing merrily,
Hi-o-the-cheerio, gloom don't bother me.
I can laugh at troubles, ho, ho, ho, he, he!
Hi-o-the-cheerio, I'm happy as can be.
This crowd's a dandy, you can trust them;
Troubles are bubbles, you can bust them.
Lift your voices merry; laugh and shout
with glee.
Hi-o-the-cheerio, ho, ho, ho, he, he.

394. MARY HAD A WILLIAM GOAT

Tune: "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

Mary had a William goat,
William goat, William goat;
Mary had a William goat,
'Twas lined inside with zinc.

Chorus

Whoop-to-doodle, doodle do,
Doodle do, doodle do;
Whoop-ti-doodle, doodle do,
'Twas lined inside with zinc.

It followed her to school one day,
And drank a bottle of ink.

It fed on cans and circus bills,
And relished hobble skirts.

One day it ate an oyster can,
And a clothes-line full of shirts.

The shirts can do no harm, you know,
But O, that oyster can.

The can was filled with dynamite,
Which Billy thought was cheese.

He rubbed against poor Mary's skirt,
An awful pain to ease.

There came a flash of girl and goat,
And they no more were seen.

395. MR. WING

Tune: "Sing-a-ling-a-ling."

O, Mister Wing, we sing-a-ling-a-ling
With all our hearts to you;
We hope there'll be something-a-ling-a-
ling
That we can do for you.
In autumn, winter, spring-a-ling-a-ling,
And all the whole year through,
We'll ring-a-ling-a-ling,
And ting-a-ling-a-ling,
And sing-a-ling-a-ling for you.

396. THE MORE WE GET TOGETHER

Tune: "Lieber Augustine."

The more we get together, together, to-
gether,
The more we get together, the happier
we'll be.
For your friends are my friends,
And my friends are your friends.
The more we get together, the happier
we'll be.

397. DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN

Motion Song

—'s spirit can't be beat,
Dem bones gonna rise again;
Kick 'em in the jaw, shoot 'em in the feet—
Dem bones gonna rise again.
I know it, indeed I know it,
Sisters, I know it—
Dem bones gonna rise again.

NOTE.—Repeat, clapping hands rhythmically as you sing. At close fling hands over head, leap into the air if the space will allow, and scream at top of voice.

398. THAT'S WHAT — MEANS TO US

Tune: "That's How I Need You."

Just what "Babe Ruth" means in baseball,
Just what "Tiffany" means on rings,
Just what "home-made" means on pie-crust,
And "Heinz" on pickled things;
Just what "Sterling" means on silver,
And "Packard" on a bus,
What "Huyler's" means on candy,
That's what — means to us.

399. THE DUMMY LINE

(For additional verses, see 105.)

There was a doctor by the name of Beck,
He fell in the well and broke his neck;
It served him right, as you may own;
He ought to tend the sick and leave the well alone.

Chorus

On the dummy line, on the dummy line,
Rain or shine I'll pay my fine,
Rain or shine I'll pay my fine,
Ridin' on the dummy, on the dummy, dummy line.

Farmer Jones went out in a boat,
The boat turned over, and we threw him a rope;

Said Farmer Jones: "Well, I can't swim,
But I'll be drowned first before I'll be roped in."

A little boy on his way from school
Saw a dollar bill at the foot of a mule;
He stooped right down as sly as a mouse,
Funeral next day at the little boy's house.

I once had a girl down in Mobile,
She had a face like a lemon peel.
She had a wart on the end of her chin;
She said it was a dimple, but a dimple turns in.

400. MY GRANDMOTHER HAS A VERY FINE FARM

My grandmother has a very fine farm,
And she lives way down in the valley.
And on that farm are some very fine ducks,
And she lives way down in the valley.
With a quack, quack here, and a quack, quack there,
Here a quack, there a quack,
Everywhere a quack-quack;
And all those ducks are very fine ducks,
And she lives way down in the valley.
My grandmother has a very fine farm,
And she lives way down in the valley.
And on that farm are some very fine cows,
And she lives way down in the valley.
With a moo, moo here, and a moo, moo there,
Here a moo, there a moo, everywhere a moo-moo,
With a quack, quack here, and a quack, quack there,
Here a quack, there a quack, everywhere a quack-quack;
And all those cows are very fine cows,
And she lives way down in the valley.

NOTE.—Add some new animal each time and repeat all that has gone before as indicated in the second verse. Suggestions: Dogs (bow-wow, "here a bow, there a bow, everywhere a bow-wow"), chickens (cluck-cluck), turkeys (gobble-gobble), pigs (oink-oink), mules (hee-haw), sheep (baa-baa), etc.

401. I HAD A LITTLE HAMMER
Tune: "Mighty Lak a Rose" or "Auld Lang Syne."

I had a little hammer once,
 With which I used to strike,
 And I went knocking everywhere
 At folks I didn't like.
 I knocked most everybody,
 But found it didn't pay,
 For when folks saw me coming
 They all went the other way.

I've thrown away my hammer now
 As far as I could shoot,
 And taken up a booster's horn,
 And you should hear it toot.
 I'm glad I'm with the boosters,
 I like the way they do;
 And if you lay your hammer down
 I'll get a horn for you.

402. O CHESTER

(Acrobatic Song)

Motion Song

Tune: Verse of "Yankee Doodle."

O Chest-er, did you 'ear about Harry?
 He chest got back from the army.
 I 'ear he knows how to wear a rose,
 Hip hip, hooray for the army.

[Sing through the first time without action. On the second repetition, act out the first line by smiting the chest, touching the ears, and patting the head. On the third repetition, add action for the second line by smiting the chest and back, and then folding the arms. The fourth time, add action for the third line by touching the eye, ear, nose, and coat lapel in rapid succession. On the fifth repetition add action for the fourth line by smiting the hips twice and folding the arms as before.]—From *The Kit*.

403. THE BURIAL OF OLD SLOW VILLAGE LEAGUE

Tune: "Old McDonald Had a Farm."
 Old Slow Village had a Church, Ee-I,
 Ee-I, O;

And in that Church they had a preacher,
 Ee-I, Ee-I, O;
 With a don't-don't here, and a don't-don't
 there,
 Here don't, there don't,
 Everywhere don't-don't.
 Old Slow Village had a Church, Ee-I,
 Ee-I, O.
 [Shake heads alternately to right and left.]

Old Slow Village had a Church, Ee-I,
 Ee-I, O;
 And in this Church they placed a League,
 Ee-I, Ee-I, O;
 With a meet-meet here, and a meet-meet
 there,
 Here a meet, there a meet,
 Everywhere meet-meet,
 Don't-don't here, and a don't-don't there,
 Here don't, there don't,
 Everywhere don't-don't.
 Old Slow Village had a League, Ee-I,
 Ee-I, O.
 [Indicate the meet-meet with the hands,
 first to the right and then to the left.]

Old Slow Village had a League, Ee-I,
 Ee-I, O;
 And in that League they had some people,
 Ee-I, Ee-I, O;
 With a Sh—Sh— here, and a Sh—Sh—
 there,
 Here Sh—, there Sh—,
 Everywhere Sh—Sh—,
 Meet-meet here, and a meet-meet there,
 etc.

[Make the kissing sound, and place the forefinger to the lips alternately to the right and left.]

Old Slow Village had a League, Ee-I,
 Ee-I, O;
 And in this League they had some people,
 Ee-I, Ee-I, O;
 With a knock-knock here, and a knock-
 knock there,
 Here knock, there knock,
 Everywhere knock-knock,
 Sh—Sh— here, Sh—Sh— there, etc.

[Knock with the fist doubled up, to right and left.]

Old Slow Village had a League, Ee-I, Ee-I, O;
And in this League they had some people, Ee-I, Ee-I, O;
With a kick-kick here, and a kick-kick there,
Here kick, there kick,
Everywhere kick-kick,
Knock-knock here, and a knock there, etc.
[Kick with the right and left foot alternately.]

Old Slow Village had a hearse, Ee-I, Ee-I, O;
And in this hearse they placed the League, Ee-I, Ee-I, O;
With a weep-weep here, and a weep-weep there,
Here weep, there weep,
Everywhere weep-weep,
Kick-kick here, and a kick-kick there,
Here kick, there kick,
Everywhere kick-kick,
Knock-knock here, and a knock-knock there,
Here knock, there knock,
Everywhere knock-knock,
Sh—Sh— here, and a Sh—Sh— there,
Here Sh—, there Sh—,
Everywhere Sh—Sh—,
Meet-meet here, and a meet-meet there,
Here meet, there meet,
Everywhere meet-meet,
Don't-don't here, don't-don't there,
Here don't, there don't,
Everywhere don't-don't.
Old Slow Village had a League, Ee-I, Ee-I, O.

[Sing this last verse very slowly, and indicate the weeping by rubbing and wiping the eyes first with the right hand and then with the left.]

—North Georgia Assembly.

404. BOHUNKUS

Key: G.

There was a farmer had two sons,
And these two sons were brothers;
Bohunkus was the name of one,
Josephus was the other's.

Now these two boys had suits of clothes,
And they were made for Sunday;
Bohunkus wore his every day,
Josephus his on Sunday.

Now these two boys to the theater went,
Whenever they saw fit;
Bohunkus in the gallery sat,
Josephus in the pit.

Now these two boys are dead and gone,
Long may their ashes rest;
Bohunkus of the cholera died,
Josephus by request.

Now these two boys their story told,
And they did tell it well.
Bohunkus, he to heaven went,
Josephus went to "Way down upon the
Swanee river,
Far, far away;
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay," etc.

405. SOLOMON LEVI

My name is Solomon Levi;
At my store on Salem Street,
That's where you buy your coats and
vests,
And everything else that's neat,
Second-hand ulsterettes
And everything else that's fine,
For all the boys they trade with me
At 149.

Chorus

O Solomon Levi, tra la la la la la,
Poor Solomon Levi, tra la la la la la la
la la la.

(Repeat verse.)

406. JOHNNY SCHMOKER

Motion Song

Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
 Ich kan spielen, ich kan spielen,
 Ich kan spielen mit mein drumme.
 Rub-a-dub-a-dub, das ist mein drumme.
 Rub-a-dub-a-dub, das ist mein drumme.

Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
 Ich kan spielen, ich kan spielen,
 Ich kan spielen mit mein fi-fe.
 Tweedle-a-deedle-dee, das ist mein fi-fe,
 Tweedle-a-deedle-dee, das ist mein fi-fe.
 Rub-a-dub-a-dub,
 Tweedle-a-deedle-dee, das ist mein fi-fe.

Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
 Ich kan spielen, ich kan spielen,
 Ich kan spielen mit mein trombone.
 Zoom, zoom, zoom, das ist mein trombone,
 Zoom, zoom, zoom, das ist mein trombone.
 Rub-a-dub-a-dub,
 Tweedle-deedle-dee,
 Zoom, zoom, zoom, das ist mein trombone.

Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
 Ich kan spielen, ich kan spielen,
 Ich kan spielen mit mein cymbals.
 Clang, clang, clang, das ist mein cymbals,
 Clang, clang, clang, das ist mein cymbals.
 Rub-a-dub-a-dub,
 Tweedle-deedle-dee,
 Zoom, zoom, zoom,
 Clang, clang, clang, das ist mein cymbals.

Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
 Ich kan spielen, ich kan spielen,
 Ich kan spielen mit mein doodle-zaack.
 Kvack, kvack, kvack, das ist mein doodle-zaack,
 Kvack, kvack, kvack, das ist mein doodle-zaack.
 Rub-a-dub-a-dub,
 Tweedle-deedle-dee,
 Zoom, zoom, zoom,
 Clang, clang, clang,
 Kvack, kvack, kvack, das ist mein doodle-zaack.

NOTE.—This is a German stunt song which is great fun. The singer is saying, "I can play with my drum, fife, trombone, cymbals, bagpipe," and he acts out the playing of these instruments as he imitates their sound. On "rub-a-dub-a-dub" he beats an imaginary drum rhythmically. On "tweedle-deedle-dee" he goes through the motions of playing a fife. On "zoom, zoom, zoom" he imitates the motions of a sliding trombone player. On "clang, clang, clang" he claps his hands three times. On "kvack, kvack, kvack" he bends arms at elbows, the hands shoulder high, and brings the elbows into the ribs three times. Each time all the instruments mentioned before are represented in order with appropriate motions. One who leads this song should practice it alone until he can do it properly. A leader who knows it can easily lead a crowd in singing it. But if the leader is uncertain, it is hopeless. Other instruments may be added: as, for instance, the violin (tweet, tweet, tweet), the accordion (doodle-doodle-doo), the banjo (pank-a-pank-a-pank), etc.

407. DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Motion Song

Down by the Old Mill Stream
 Where I first met you,
 With your eyes so blue,
 Dressed in gingham too,
 It was there I knew
 That you loved me true.
 You were sixteen,
 My village queen—
 Down by the Old Mill Stream.

Motions:—On "old" stroke beard whether **you** have one or not. On "mill" make a rotary motion with the arm and forefinger. On "stream" start the right hand at the chest and gracefully swing it out to the right until the arm is straight out from the side. The fingers of the hand might work up and down to represent the rippling waves. On "I" point to your eye. On "first" hold up the forefinger of the right hand. On "met" shake hands with yourself. On "you" point to somebody in the crowd. On "eyes" a sweeping motion with the forefingers before the eyes. On "blue" point to some blue somewhere in a hat, dress, suit, or tie, perhaps. On "gingham" block off the checks on your body with both hands, drawing imaginary lines down, and then across. On "two" hold up two fingers. Again **you** represent the "I." On "knew" you point to your own temple. Again "you." On "loved" put hands over heart and look sentimental. On "true" hold up right hand as if swearing to it. Again "you." On "sixteen" hold up eight fingers, palms out, and

indicate doubling motion. On "village" put forefinger and thumb together to represent the roof of a house. On "queen" represent the crown by a rotary motion of the right forefinger about the head. Repeat the motion of the first line on the last line.

It is great fun to repeat the song, dummy-fashion, singing all but the motion words. On them simply go through the indicated motions. By singing the words to themselves the entire crowd can keep together in perfect rhythm.

408. LONG, LONG TRAIL

Motion Song

[The owners of the copyright of "Long, Long Trail" do not permit reproduction of the words or music of the song; but as the words are familiar to almost every one, the following instructions can be followed without difficulty.]

Motions.—“Long, long” (measuring motion with hands, spacing off two feet or so); “winding” (spiral motion of right hand straight out from body); “dreams” (hands together on one side of face, leaning head and closing eyes as if in sleep); “singing” (whistle); “beams” (smile with beaming countenance); “going down” (either stoop or indicate going down motion, two forefingers); “you” (point to some one).

409. SMILE AWHILE

Motion Song

Tune: "Till We Meet Again."

Smile awhile and give your face a rest
[Everybody smile],
Stand up straight and elevate your chest
[Every one erect and expand chest],
Reach your hands up to the sky
[Hands high over head],
While you wag your head so freely
[Shake head from side to side],
Limber up and stamp your feet a bit
[Stamp feet on floor],
As you were, and now before you sit,
Reach right out to some one near,
Shake his hand and smile
[Everybody shake hands and smile].

410. IT'S A GOOD TIME

Tune: "Tipperary."

Motion Song

It's a good time to get acquainted,

It's a good time to know

Who is sitting close beside you,

And to smile and say "Hello!"

Good-by, lonesome feeling;

Farewell, glassy stare;

Here's my hand, my name is —,

So put yours right there.

NOTE.—Suit action to words. On first two lines bow to persons to right and left of you, to partner first, and then to the other person next to you. On fourth line smile as you sing and shout "Hello!" On last two lines shake hands and tell your own name.

411. MR. — IS A VERY FINE FELLOW

Tune: "My Bonnie."

Mr. — is a very fine fellow,

You can tell by the lift of his chin;

But whenever he bendeth his elbow.

O boy, how the victuals roll in.

Roll in, roll in,

O boy, how the victuals roll in, roll in;

Roll in, roll in,

O boy, how the victuals roll in.

412. JOHN BROWN'S BABY

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Motion Song

John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest (three times),
And they rubbed it well with camphorated oil.

DIRECTIONS.—Repeat, eliminating one word each time and substituting the appropriate motion: "baby" (rocking motion with hands); "cold" (sneezing or coughing); "chest" (smite chest); "rubbed" (rubbing motion on chest); "camphorated" (breathe deeply as if smelling camphor and make face).

415. O MASTER WORKMAN OF THE RACE

Tune: Materna ("America, the Beautiful")

O Master Workman of the race, thou
Man of Galilee,
Who with the eyes of earth youth eternal
things did see;
We thank thee for thy boyhood faith that
shone thy whole life through;
"Did ye not know it was my work my
Father's work to do?"

O Carpenter of Nazareth, Builder of
life divine,
Who shapest man to God's own law,
Thyself the fair design.
Build us a tower of Christlike height,
that we the land may view,
And see, like thee, our noblest work, our
Father's work to do.

O Thou who didst the vision send, and
give to each his task,
And with the task sufficient strength,
show us thy will, we ask;
Give us a conscience bold and good; give
us a purpose true,
That it may be our highest joy, our
Father's work to do.

416. TAKE ALL OF MY LIFE, LORD

Tune: "Take Time to Be Holy."

Take all of my life, Lord,
Take perfect control,
Each hour and each moment,
Mind, body, and soul;
Use all of my life, Lord,
That others may see
Thy truth and thy likeness
Reflected in me. —*Dr. Scudder.*

417. I WOULD BE TRUE

I would be true, for there are those who
trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who
care;
I would be strong, for there is much to
suffer;

I would be brave, for there is much to
dare;
I would be brave, for there is much to
dare.

I would be friend of all: the foe, the friend-
less;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weak-
ness;
I would look up, and laugh and love and
lift;
I would look up, and laugh and love and
lift.

418. IT'S A GOOD THING TO BE A CHRISTIAN

Tune: "Tipperary."

It's a good thing to be a Christian,
It's the best thing I know;
It's a good thing to follow Jesus,
As heavenward we go.

Good-by, sin and sorrow;
Farewell, doubt and fear;
It's a grand, good thing to be a Christian,
And that's why we are here.

NOTE.—"Leaguer," "Endeavorer," etc., can be
substituted for "Christian."

419. FAITH OF OUR MOTHERS

Tune: "Faith of Our Fathers."

Faith of our mothers! living still
In all that's beautiful and brave;
Now nobly will we work God's will,
And seek from sin our souls to save.
Faith of our mothers! living faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our mothers! living still
In hearts of hope, and songs of praise;
We gladly join with one accord
To sing to God our sweetest lays.
Faith of our mothers! constant faith!
We will be true to thee till death.
Faith of our mothers! living still
In love and life that ne'er shall die;

Our children's children ever dear
 Shall hold the faith that brings God
 nigh.
 Faith of our mothers! holy faith!
 We will be true to thee till death.

420. IT ISN'T ANY TROUBLE

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e,
 It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e,
 Smile away your trouble, it will vanish
 like a bubble,
 If you'll only take the trouble, just to
 s-m-i-l-e.

NOTE.—Additional verses: "G-r-i-n, grin,"
 "I-a-u-g-h, laugh," "g-i-ggle-e," "ha-ha-ha-ha-ha,"
 "ho-ho-ho-ho."

421. IF YOU'LL BE M-I-N-E

If you'll be m-i-n-e, mine,
 I'll be t-h-i-n-e, thine,
 And I'll love you, love you, love you,
 All the t-i-m-e, time.

For you're the b-e-s-t, best,
 Of all the r-e-s-t, rest,
 And I'll love you, love you, love you,
 With a z-e-s-t, zest.

I'll buy the r-i-n-g, ring,
 And everything-i-ing-i-ing,
 And we'll make those wedding bells
 Go ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling.

We'll get a great big limousine,
 And lots of g-a-s-oline,
 And the prettiest little bungalow
 You've ever s-double-e-n, seen.

When your hair gets g-r-a-y, gray,
 You'll hear me say, s-a-y, say,
 That I love you, love you, love you,
 More each day, d-a-y, day.

[*Pause after "day" and retard on "d-a-y, day."*]

422. THREE BLIND MICE
Round

Three blind mice, see how they run;
 They all ran after the farmer's wife;
 She cut them in two with a carving knife.
 Did you ever hear such a tale in your life
 About three blind mice?

NOTE.—The first group sings through "see how they run" before the second group begins, and so on.

423. SACRED SONGS TO WELL-KNOWN TUNES

"Just as I Am" to "The Rosary."
 "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me" to "Just a-Wearyin' for You."
 "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" to "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and "Sing Me to Sleep."
 "I am Thine, O Lord," to "Perfect Day."

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